Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1838. VOL. VIII. Nº 20.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 30—Mrs. WHEATLEY'S BENEFIT. THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE—and RURAL FELICITY

MONDAY, July 2—Madame CARADORI ALLAN'S BENEFIT. OUR MARY ANN—THE ELIXIR OF LOVE—THE PALACCA, from IL PURATANI, by Madame Caradori Allan—and THE BENGAL TIGER

TUESDAY, July 3—THE TREASURER'S BENEFIT. THE LADY OF LYONS; Pauline, Miss TREE, who has kindly volunteered her services,—and other entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, July 4—Last night of the season, when will be presented a variety of entertainments.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Table of American Winning TROTTING HORSES at all distances, for the years 1836 and 1837, is nearly ready, and will be published forthwith. It has been compiled expressly for the Spirit of the Times, and will be found unusually interesting and valuable. Lists of the *Blood Stock* of several Breeders and Turfmen will find a place in our next. There are a great number in our possession which shall be given from week to week, as we have room; all of them shall be published in time to ensure their insertion in the new *American Stud Book*. Subscribers to this paper may have lists of their Stock published in our columns and also in the Stud Book, gratis.

Another article from "*Seebright*" reached us this morning. Its very chirography *looks* pleasant and interesting, and we shall dive into its inmost recesses forthwith.

Things Theatrical.

The Park closes a very brilliant and profitable season of ten months after the 4th of July, for a recess of three days. The regular summer season commences on the Monday following, when PARSONS is to appear. Of the stock engagements for the next September season, very little has transpired; no changes of particular importance will be made, the most material that we have heard of being the withdrawal of Messrs. FREDERICKS and CLARK. It is understood that the engagement of the HAMILTONS, from the Chesnut street, is off, on account of the demise of Mrs. H., late Mrs. ROWBOTHAM. A genteel comedian is much wanted, and also a clever man of all work to fill JOHN MASON's place. Mr. PRICE must send out somebody from England, for there appears to be no one here save BARRETT. If he would also return to us that "ox-ey'd Juno," Mrs. GURNER, the Park audiences would thank him; at the last accounts she was the leading woman at one of the fashionable watering places. Moreover, we want a clever actress and musician to support the *prima donna*—such a lady as Mrs. BAILEY, late Miss WATSON, would admirably fill that situation.

CARADORI ALLAN has been treating the town to Donizetti's brilliant comic opera of "*The Elixir of Love*," translated from the Italian. The plot is carried on almost wholly in recitative, arias and chorusses, but is readily understood. It is vastly superior to the "Siege of Rochelle," always excepting the *Vive le Roi* of the latter, and has been played several times, with increased effect each night.

Miss CUSHMAN played *Claude Melnotte* in the Lady of Lyons for her benefit on Thursday, to a better house than usual. It was exceedingly well received, owing to the great spirit with which Miss C. and Mrs. RICHARDSON personated the prominent characters, and we doubt if FORREST and ELLEN TREE ever elicited more general applause.

JONES' benefit was something like those given to PLACIDE and RITCHINGS—very so-so-ish; the weather is so oppressively warm, that people will not visit the theatre, let the claims upon their liberality be ever so well founded.

JOHN BLAKE's benefit at the Park next Tuesday. Don't forget him.

The National.—There is an *on dit* that HENRY WALLACK and his lady are about to leave this house, and it is said the country too. *Mr.* W. can be spared, and young Hopeful as well. Before he goes, won't he send us a lock of his hair!

GEORGE BARRETT and his wife are here, going through a range of their popular characters. It reminds us of old times in Boston and the old Federal street, to see "Gentleman George" and his lady in some favorite old comedy. The management got up *Tom and Jerry* the other night in fine style. BROWNE, WILLIAMS, and MITCHELL revive a thousand associations of old KILNER, J. MILLS BROWN and FINN, "in the days when we were young.". Four better comedians than those now at the National are rarely to be seen at one theatre;—we have had nothing like it in this city since the Park company of 1830.

The Franklin.—DINNEFORD re-assumed on Wednesday the management of this little bantam in Chatham Square, after having fitted it up very neatly for the summer season. The company has received several additions, among "the great creatures" of which are W. R. BLAKE, who murdered the unfortunate Samuel Veller at the Park lately—W. JONES, of Philadelphia, HYATT, and JOHN GREENE and his wife. WM. SEFTON is still a trump card.

The Olympic.—The "A No. 1" Mrs. HAMBLIN is the manageress of this pretty establishment, and appears to be doing a fair business, "considering the weather." She lately gave a benefit to the Charleston sufferers.

Niblo's Garden.—The *Vaudevilles* under JOHN SEFTON's excellent management, promise to be as attractive this season as they were the last. The RAVELS are at this moment the prominent feature, but Niblo has a strong *corps de reserve* in the WATSONS, SEFTON, Mrs. H. WALLACK, HORNCASTLE, THAYER, Miss ALZINA FISHER, and others. The Garden is fitted up more tastefully than ever, and is altogether a delightful place in which to enjoy a pleasant evening.

Vauxhall Garden.—GATES, the great comic lion of the Bowery in former times, is at the head of a clever *Vaudeville* company, playing at this establishment, comprising C. W. TAYLOR, COLLINS, LEWIS, Mrs. HERRING, Miss KERR, and others, who are said to "do the thing up very brown!" The Brass Band, Fireworks, etc. give increased variety to the entertainments.

Castle Garden.—Here is the place in which to pass away a sultry evening. The Fireworks and refreshments are unequalled, and you may enjoy beside a good Band, and one of the finest Marine views in the world. By the way, "*talking of guns*," the Bass fishing off the parapet of the garden, is capital, just now.

FORREST made a great sensation in Washington as *Claude Melnotte* in the Lady of Lyons, Miss VIRGINIA MONIER playing *Pauline* in charming style. The audience comprised a large number of the most distinguished individuals at the seat of government. A gentleman present informs us that on one of the South Carolina delegation in Congress coming in during the play, he involuntarily exclaimed, upon hearing Forrest, "*That's* PRESTON, *by* ——!" A general titter ran through the house, as the eloquent Senator referred to, with a large party of friends, happened to be seated in the boxes.

VAN AMBURG, the second Daniel, goes out to London on the 7th July, in the *Pennsylvania*. Mr. TITUS, one of the proprietors of the Zoological Institute, takes with him the animals now "playing" at the National, in the spectacle of *Blue Beard*. Mr. T. will visit the continent before his return, and anticipates being absent a year. In return for so many lions (we "throw in" the tigers and leopards) perhaps the Parisians will send us PAGANINI or La Sylphide TAGLIONI.

PARSONS is to commence an engagement at the Park on the 9th of next month, when Bannister's popular tragedy of *Caius Silius* is to be produced. The tragedy is said to be a noble one, and has never been seen here.

HOLLAND has fitted up the interior of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, as a *garden!* The pit has been covered, and "extensive walks" lined with flowers, are laid out from the boxes to the stage. The *Orleanois* consider it a *shade* finer than any thing we can show, just now, in these parts.

The scheme of a new theatre in that city is likely to fall through, in consequence of RUSSELL's death. The site fixed upon was about three quarters of a mile from the old Camp street Theatre and the St. Charles. Russell is said to have netted $22,000 last season by PARSONS' management, on his account, of the Louisville and Natchez theatres.

HARRY JOHNSTON is playing with PELBY at the National, Boston. The Tremont, we presume, has closed.

Mr. and Mrs. PLUMER are carrying all before them at the South. Mrs. Plumer promises to make a second VESTRIS from the great versatility of her talents, and she is really a beautiful woman, with one of the finest stage faces ever seen. We are glad to hear that they are coining money.

FORREST has been selected by "the Democratic Party," to deliver an Oration in this city on the Fourth of July. Some of the political editors of the opposite party appear to take the matter in high dudgeon, as if his profession was to exclude him from any exercise of his talents and acquirements apart from that alone. Things have come to a pretty pass when a gentleman of ripe scholarship, high character and sterling worth, cannot be selected by his political friends and fellow citizens to deliver an oration, without a sneer on account of his profession, and we must be allowed to remark, that it comes with remarkable ill grace from a party who elected for their Mayor a vender of lottery tickets!

HART closed his theatre at Columbus, Ga. on the 7th, after a profitable season. Miss MEADOWS, a charming little girl of ten years of age, was the most attractive star. Miss DAVENPORT is the only rival whose reputation she need envy; so far as face and figure are concerned, Miss M. has the advantage over any contemporary of her age.

BROUGH is in Boston, with FORNASARI and the HORNS, and is about giving a series of Concerts. Why cannot they do something of the kind here? everybody is anxious to hear the great Italian basso before he leaves the country; and more especially as it is his intention to retire from the stage. Since Fornasari's engagement with MONTRESSOR'S and RIVAFINOLA'S operatic corps here, he has made a fortune in Mexico and the Havanna.

The Pittsburg theatre closed on the 16th inst. with the benefit of Mrs. KENT, a very clever woman, formerly of Boston.

A letter from St. Louis, dated the 16th inst., informs us that the summer season commenced on the 6th with Miss CLIFTON in The Hunchback. J. R. SCOTT, Mrs. GIBBS, Mrs. HODGES (Miss Nelson that was), Mrs. STEWART (late Mary Vos), were awaiting their nights. Miss Clifton closed her engagement on the 12th with The Lady of Lyons; her benefit was immense; she has left for Cincinnati, on her way home. With the single exception of Miss TREE, she attracts better houses than any star that has visited this part of the world for years.

[A friend just arrived from St. Louis via Louisville, Cincinnati, Baltimore and Philadelphia, gives the following items of intelligence from the West:—]

On the 10th Miss CLIFTON was playing at St. Louis, to very so-so-ish sort of houses. J. R. SCOTT was to strengthen the attraction for the last two nights of her engagement, and BARTON was intending to play Claude Melnotte for her benefit. The season there, thus far, has been very indifferent; but Mrs. GIBBS and HODGES were there, and about to bring about a revolution, if possible, by the production, in very good style, of a series of operas.

At Louisville, "the BARNESES" and HARRISON were just commencing an engagement on the 12th, at Mrs. DRAKE's Theatre, with "The School for Scandal," Harrison playing *Charles Surface*.

At Cincinnati Mrs. BAILEY has been going through a round of operas, got up throughout by SCOTT & THORNE, in a style which would really reflect no discredit upon "Old Drury."

Miss CLIFTON was to open there on the 20th. Mrs. SHAW was there. J. R. SCOTT was to be there on the 20th, on his way hither, in company with "YANKEE KELLY." He will probably be here in a day or two. Scott & Thorne have a strong company, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. HUNT and CHAS. D. S. HOWARD; the latter as great a favorite as any man ought to be, and as *he* well deserves to be. There is another theatre opened in Cincinnati, called "the Pavilion," and it has some people of talent attached to it, but was doing very badly. By the way, TOM PLACIDE is engaged by Scott & Thorne, and was expected at Cincinnati daily.

WARD was to open at Baltimore on the 25th, with Miss TREE and FREDERICKS, "for two nights," and JAMES CROW, Esq. was to jump the same night at Philadelphia.

Exhibition of Paintings, etc.—There are half a dozen very superior collections on exhibition just now in town, which will richly repay a visit. There is the National Academy of Design at Clinton Hall—the Gallery of Fine Arts in Barclay-street—the Gallery of Wool Pictures at the Stuyvesant Institute—Weinedel's Picture Gallery, 290 Broadway—the Panoramas of Jerusalem and Niagara Falls in Broadway, at the corner of Prince and Mercer streets, and several others.

Editorial Movements.—For some time past we have been intending to congratulate the fraternity upon the return to its ranks of two eminent members; we refer to J. B. VAN SCHAICK, Esq. of the *Albany Daily Advertiser*, and H. HAINES, Esq. of the *American Constellation*, Petersburg, Va. The right hand of fellowship is extended none the less sincerely that it has been so long delayed, and we greet their re-assumption of the chair editorial with the heartiest welcome and good wishes.

The Giraffes.—Have you seen these wonderful animals at 509 Broadway? No curiosity equal to them has ever been offered our citizens.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Bellini's opera, *La Sonnambula*, was performed on Tuesday evening (May 22) in lieu of Donizetti's new opera, *Parisina*. The character of Amina was again supported by Persiani, very much to the gratification of a most crowded audience, with whom each succeeding night apparently makes her a greater favorite. So highly was the house delighted with her singing "Ah, non guinge," that, not content with one encore, she was forced to repeat it a third time, notwithstanding her evident exhaustion, which was so great that at last she could scarcely articulate the notes. It was a cruel act to urge her to it. A *pas de deux* by Mdlle. Bellon and M. Coustan followed, and one act of *Norma* concluded the performance. Her Majesty was present. Court Journal.

Some one asked Tom Cooke how Phillips' opera went? "Capitally," said Tom; "That is, capitally, in agricultural sense; he has succeeded in getting his 'Harvest *home*,' he has nothing to do but *keep* it there."

St. James's and the Olympic Theatres close on Thursday next, May 31.

The Countess de Rossi (Mademoiselle Sontag) is expected in a few days in Paris, to join her husband, who is appointed Ambassador from the court of Sardinia to St. Petersburgh.

The Mirror.—Our "neighbor over the way," Gen. MORRIS, announces that the 1st number of the *sixteenth* volume of the Mirror will be issued on the 30th inst., being the very day of grace, and the last of "the leafy month of June." It is to be "trotted out" in a new bib and tucker, pinafore and all, under the editorial auspices of EPES SARGENT, Jr. Esq. late of Boston, the well-known author of "Velasco," the "Bride of Genoa," and so forth. A prospectus informs us that it will contain

"A Portrait of CHARLES SPRAGUE, *the American Poet*, engraved by *Parker*, from a Painting by *Harding*, and a VIGNETTE TITLEPAGE. These will be succeeded by *Three Costly and Magnificent Engravings on Steel*, by the best Artists, designed and engraved from Original Paintings expressly for the work. ETCHINGS ON WOOD, by *Adams, Johnson*, and others, will also embellish the forthcoming volume; besides *Fifty pieces of rare, beautiful, and popular* MUSIC, arranged for the *Pianoforte, Guitar, Harp*, etc."

The editorial department of the new volume will be under the charge of EPES SARGENT, and will contain, as heretofore, contributions from Messrs. Morris, Fay, Cox, Captain Marryat, Sheridan Knowles, Inman, Willis, and a list of two hundred others, well known to the reading community. In the variety, interest, amusement and instruction of its literary department, and the splendor of its embellishments the beauty of its music, and elegance of its typography, it is intended to render the new volume, in all respects, equal, if not superior, to its predecessors; and it is universally admitted that no work extant furnishes such valuable equivalents for the trifling amount at which it is afforded per annum, as the Mirror.

"*The Yellow-plush Correspondence.*"—We invite the attention of our readers to the first of a series of papers under this head from Fraser's Magazine, one of the most able and popular English periodicals of the day. This Correspondence is now first published in America, and many of the chapters will be found to equal the best things in the immortal Pickwick papers.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAM PACKET PULASKI.

We have never known a more profound and melancholy emotion pervade this community, than has been created by this terrible catastrophe. Though but few of the passengers of this ill-fated packet belonged to our city, yet many were personally known here, and their arrival was looked for with interest by many an anxious circle of friends. The announcement of the total wreck of the *Pulaski* fell among us like a thunderbolt. Every one seemed stupified with horror. At first not a ray of hope was left that a soul on board had escaped. In this state of blank despair we continued for some days. Then came the scarcely less painful news that all were lost but 13; yet the salvation of these engendered the hope that others too might have found means to escape. Alternating from hope to fear—from the gloomiest apprehensions to the liveliest confidence, two more days elapsed, when the grateful news arrived, that thirty-two more persons had been rescued from portion of the wreck, and that many others were known to have been floating in detached pieces. By this time individuals began to arrive in town who had survived the scene of suffering and desolation, and many a moistened eye have we witnessed in those listening to their sad tale of unutterable woe.

Without dwelling longer on the past, let us seek for the lessons which so calamitous an event should teach us.—And in the first place, this catastrophe should warn the builders of these fragile boats to beware how they tempt the indignation of the public, by any longer continuing to construct steam packets after models so utterly unfit for the navigation they are intended to afford. The boats are neither stout enough to endure the shock of an explosion, nor to live in a boisterous sea, and none ought to know this better than the builders themselves.

To Captains and Engineers this event conveys a lesson which it will not be safe to disregard. One disaster after another has shocked the public with its horrid details, yet excuses have been made, and committees reported to screen the responsible participators in the criminal heedlessness which occasioned the calamity, and singular enough, this same good-natured public has contrived to forget and forgive, till at last we trust the measure of criminality is filled to the brim. The honest man, we hope, can never appeal in vain to the impartial justice of his fellow citizens, but let no captain hereafter expect anything from the generosity or magnanimity of a disconsolate community.

The great lesson, however, is addressed to the public itself. Put not your trust any longer in the representations of companies and interested individuals. It is in your power to reform the monstrous evil by withholding your fostering patronage. Only a short period would elapse before the most fitting provisions would be made for your convenience and safety, were the remedy firmly applied and persisted in. It cannot be that further evidence is required to demonstrate the necessity of a thorough reform in all our means of navigating the ocean by steam. Let the public voice demand it, then, and we shall soon cease to see floating in our waters boats calculated to fulfil, so far as human foresight can provide, the intentions which the owners profess the desire to realize. We hear the conduct of the mate of the Pulaski severely censured for leaving the sufferers afloat on the wreck, and making for the shore in the boat which he commanded, without an exertion in their behalf. We hope there is some extenuating circumstances that may yet partly excuse him; but as the facts are now reported, he deserves execration for his selfishness, his criminal desertion of his duties, and his cowardice.

The Captain of the steam packet *New York* also, has been severely rebuked for an apparent indifference to the fate of those, whom he must have known had either gone down to rise no more, or that they were in the vicinity, afloat, or on a desolate shore, at the moment he was passing evidences of the recent wreck. In either case it would have redounded quite as much to his credit as a man of humanity, had he done more than merely slacken the speed of his boat, to take a distant view, through his glass, of the fragments of what he then knew to be the Pulaski. If there be nothing to explain away what seems to us, at present, such a palpable disregard to the welfare of so many valuable members of society, who were known to have recently suffered the most terrific of earthly calamities, it will be punishment enough, the most insensible of human beings, to reflect how much suffering he might have assuaged, and how many lives he might have saved, and what heart rending sorrows to the bereaved mourners he might have prevented had he put about his boat, and scoured the ocean in all directions, in the vicinity of those evidences of the fatal wreck. It is hardly possible that such a course could have failed to bring the *New York* to the rescue of those who were then hopelessly floating at the mercy of a remorseless sea, and a part of whom were two days after succored by the accidental passing of a coasting vessel.

Such are some of the momentous lessons taught us by this dispensation of an inscrutable Providence. That they may not be disregarded is our earnest hope and that we might contribute our mite toward keeping them in the eye of the public, we have devoted an hour to melancholy reflections, while we repeate meagre terms the obvious considerations which their solemn and impressive must excite.

THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE.

FASHNABLE FAX AND POLITE ANNYGOATS.

BY CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ.

No — Grosvenor Square,
10th October.
(N. B. Hairy Bell.)

MY DEAR Y.—Your dellixy in sending me *My Book** does you honor; for the subjick on which it treats cannot, like politix, metafizzix, or other silly sciences, be criticised by the common writin creaturs who do your and other Magazines at so much a yard. I am a chap of a different sort. I have lived with some of the first families in Europe, and I say it, without fear of contradistinction, that, since the death of George the IV., and Mr. Simpson of Voxall Gardens, there doesn't, praps, live a more genlmanly man than myself. As to figger, I beat Simpson all to shivers; and know more of the world than the late George. He did things in a handsome style enough, but he lived always in one set, and got narrow in his notions. How could he be otherwise! Had he my opportunities, I say he would have been a better dressed man, a better dined man (*poor angsy deer*, as the French say), and a better furnitured man. These qualities an't got by indolence, but by acute hobservation and foring travel, as I have had. But a truce to heggotism, and let us proceed with bisniss.

Skelton's *Anatomy* (or Skeleton's, which, I presume, is his real name) is a work which has been long wanted in the littery world. A reglar slap-up, no-mistake, out-an'-out account of the manners and usitches of genteel society, will be appreciated in every famly from Buckly Square to Whitechapel Market. Ever since you sent me the volum, I have read it to the gals in our hall, who are quite delighted of it, and every day grows genteeler and genteeler. So is Jeames, coachman; so is Sam and George, and little Halfred, the sugar-loafed page.—all 'xcept old Huffy, the fat veezy porter, who sits all day in his hall-chair, and never reads a work of anythink but that ojus *Hage* newspaper. "Huffy," I often say to him, "why continue to read that blaggerd print? Want of decency, Huffy, becomes no man in your high situation; a genlman without morality, is like a liv'ry-coat without a shoulder-knot." But the old-fashioned beast reads on, and don't care for a syllaable of what I say. As for the *Sat'rist*, that's different; I read it myself, reg'lar; for it's of uncompromising Raddicle principils, and lashes the vices of the aristoxy. But again I am diverging from Skeleton.

What I like aboat him so partikl'erly is his moddisty. Before you come to the book, there is, first, a Deddication; then, a Preface; and nex', a Prolegomeny The fuss is about hisself; the second about hisself, too; and cuss me! if the Prolygolygommy an't about hisself again, and his schoolmaster, the Rev. John Finlay, late of Streatham Academy. I shall give a few extrax from them:

"Graceful manners are not intuitive; so he, who through industry or the smiles of fortune, *would emulate a polite carriage*, must be *taught* not to outrage propriety. Many topics herein considered have been discussed, more or less gravely or jocosely, according as the subject-matter admitted the varying treatment. I would that with propriety much might be expunged, but that I felt it is all required from the nature of the work. The public is the tribunal to which I appeal: not friendship, but public attestation, must affix the signet to *My Book*'s approval or condemnation. Sheridan, when manager of Drury, was known to say, he had solicited and received the patronage of friends, but from the public only had he found support. So may it be with me!"

There's a sentence for you, Mr. Yorke! We disputed about it, for three quarters of an hour, in the servants'-hall. Miss Simkins, my lady's *feel de chamber*, says its complete ungrammatticle, as so it is. "I would that," &c., "but that," and so forth: what can be the earthly meaning of it? "Graceful manners," says Skeleton, "is not intuitive." No more an't grammer, Skelton; sooner than make a fault in which, I'd knife my fish, or malt after my cheese.

As for "emulating a genteel carriage," not knowing what that might mean, we at once asked Jim Coachman; but neither he nor his helpers could help us. Jim thinks it was a baroosh; cook says, a brisky; and Sam, the stable-boy (who, from living chiefly among the hosses and things, has got a sad low way of talking), said it was all dicky, and bid us drive on to the nex' page.

"For years, when I have observed any thing in false taste, I have remarked that, when *My Book* makes its appearance, such an anomaly will be discontinued; and, instead of an angry reply, it has ever been, 'What! are *you* writing such a work?' till at length, in several societies, *My Book* has been referred to whenever *une méprise* has taken place. As thus: '*My Book* is, indeed, wanted;' or, 'If *My Book* were here;' or, 'We shall never be right without *My Book*;' which led me to take minutes of the barbarisms I observed. I now give them to the world, from a conviction that a rule of conduct should be studied, and impressed upon the mind. Other studies come occasionally into play; but the conduct, the deportment, and the manner are ever in view, and should be a primary consideration, and by no means left to chance (as at present), 'whether it be good, or whether it be evil.'

"Most books that have appeared on this vital subject have generally been of a trashy nature; intended, one would imagine—if you took the trouble to read them—as advertisements to this trade, or for that man, this draper, or that dentist, instead of attempting to form the mind, and leaving the judgment to act.

"To Lord Chesterfield other remarks apply: but Dr. Johnson has so truly and so wittily characterised, in few words, that heartless libertine's advice to his son, that, without danger of corrupting the mind, you cannot place his works in the hands of youth.

"It should ever be kept in our recollection, that a graceful carriage—a noble bearing, and a generous disposition, to set with ease and grace, must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment.

There it is, the carriage again! But never mind that—to the nex' sentence it's nothing: "to sit with ease and grace must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment!" Heaven bless your bones, Mr. Skeleton! where are you driving us! I say, this sentence would puzzle a very Spinx himself! How can a man sit in his eye! If the late Mr. Finlav, of Streatham Academy, taught John Henry Anatomy to do this, he's a very wonderful pupil, and no mistake! as well as a finominy in natural history, quite exceeding that of Miss Mackavoy. Sich *peculiar* opportunities for hobservation must make his remarks really valuable.†

Well, he observes on every think that is at all observable, and can make a gen'lman fit for gen'lmanly society. His beayviour at dinner and brexfast, at bawls and swarries, at chuch, at vist, at skittles, at drivin' cabs, at gettin' in an' out of a carriage, at his death and burill—givin', on every one of these subjiks, a pleaty of ex'lent maxums; as we shall very soon see. Let's begin about dinner—it's always a pleasant thing to hear talk of. Skeleton (who is a slap-up-heppy-cure) says—

"Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate—send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself: this may be done with rapidity, if the carver takes pleasure in his province, and endeavors to excel. It is cruel and disgusting to send a lump of meat to any one; if at the table of a friend, it is offensive; if at your own, unpardonable. No refined appetite can survive it."

Taken in general, I say this remark is admiral. I saw an instance, only last wick, at our table. There was, first, Sir James and my lady, in course, at the head of their own table; then there was Lord and Lady Smigsmag right and left of my lady; Capt. Flupp, of the huzzas (huzza he may be; but he looks to my thinkin, much more like a bravo); and the Bishop of Biffeter, with his lady; Halderman Snodgrass and me,—that is, I waited.

Well, the halderman, who was helpin the tuttle, puts on Biffeter's plate a wad of green fat, which might way a pound and three quarters. His ludship goes at it very hearty; but not likin to seprate it, tries to swallow the lump at one go. I recklect Lady Smigsmag saying gaily, "What, my lord, are you goin that whole hog at once!" The bishop looked at her, rowled his eyes, and tried to spick; but between the spickin and swallerin, and the green fat, the consquinsies were fatle! He sunk back on his chair, his spoon dropt, his face became of a blew color, and down he fell as dead as a nit. He recovered, to be sure, nex' day; but not till after a precious deal of bleedin and dosin, which Dr. Drencher described for him.

This would never have happened, had not the haldermin given him such a plate-full; and to Skeleton's maxim let me add mine.

Dinner was made for eatin, not for talkin: never pay compliments with your mouth full.

"The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip; and should it be blunt, or the meat be overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat, with any knife; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake,—for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

"Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens; and we by much of its produce!

"When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents, or even rinse your mouth, and spit it back; although this has been done by some inconsiderate persons. Never, in short, do that of which, on reflection, you would be ashamed; for instance, never help yourself to salt with your knife,—a thing which is not unfrequently done in *la belle France* in the 'perfumed chambers of the great.' We all have much to unlearn, ere we can learn much that we should. My effort is 'to gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to destroy them,' and then to 'gather the wheat into the barn.'

"When the rose-water is carried round after dinner, dip into it the corner of your napkin lightly; touch the tips of your fingers, and press the napkin on your lips. Forbear plunging into the liquid, as in a bath."

This, to be sure, would be diffiklt, as well as ungenlmnly; and I have something to say on this head, too.

About them blue water bowls which are brought in after dinner, and in which the company makes such a bubblin and spirtin; people should be very careful in usin them, and mind how they hire short-sighted servants. Lady Smigsmag is a melancholy instance of this. Her ladyship wears two rows of false teeth (what the French call a *rattler*), and is, every body knows, one of the most absimt of women. After dinner one day (at her own house), she whips out her teeth, and puts them into the blue bowl, as she always did, when the squirtin time came. Well, the conversation grew hanimated; and so much was Lady Smigsmag interested, that she clean forgot her teeth, and went to bed without them.

Nex morning was a dreadful disturbance in the house; sumbody had stolen my lady's teeth out of her mouth! But this is a loss which a lady don't like positively to advertise; so the matter was hushed up, and my lady got a new set from Parkison's. But nobody ever knew who was the thief of the teeth.

A fortnight after, another dinner was given. Lady Smigsmag only kep a butler and one man, and this was a chap whom we used to call, professionally, Lazy Jim. He never did nothing but when he couldn't help it; he was as lazy as a dormus, and as blind as a howl If the plate was dirty, Jim never touched it until the day it was wanted, and the same he did by the glas; you might go into his pantry, and see on 'em with the water (he drenk up all the wind) which had been left in 'em since the last dinner party. How such things could be allowed in a house I don't know; it only shewed that Smigsmag was an easy master, and that Higgs, the butler, didn't know his bisness.

Well, the day kem for the sek'nd party. Lazy Jim's plate was all as dutty as pos'bil, and his whole work to do; he cleaned up the plate, the glas, and every think else, as he thought, and set out the trays and things on the sideboard. "Law, Jim, you jackass," cried the butler, at half past seven, jist as the people was a comen down to dinner; "you've forgot the washand basins."

Jim spun down into his room,—for he'd forgotten 'em, sure enough; there they were, however, on his shelf, and full of water: so he brought 'em up, and said no think; but gev 'em a polishin wipe with the tail of his coat.

Down kem the company to dinner, and set to it like good uns. The society was reg'lar *distangry* (as they say): there was the Duke of Haldersgit, Lord and Lady Barbikin, Sir Gregory Jewin, and Lady Suky Smithfield, asides a lot of commontators. The dinner was removed, and the bubble and squeakers (as I call 'em) put down; and all the people began a washin themselves, like any think. "Whrrrr!" went Lady Smigsmag; "Clooclooclooclooplitz!" says Lady Barbikin; "Gorgleoggleogglebllrrawaw!" says Jewin (a very fat g'n'l'm'n) "Blobblobgob!" began his grace of Haldersgit, who has got the widest mouth in all the peeridge, when all of a sudden he stopped, down went his washand-basin, and he gev such a piercing shriek! such a bust of agony as I never saw, excep when the prince sees the ghost in *Hamlick*: down went his basin, and up went his eyes; I really thought he was going to vomick!

I rushed up to his grace, squeeging him in the shoulders, and patting him on the back. Everybody was in alarm; the duke as pale as hashes, grinding his teeth, frowning, and makin the most frightful extortions; the ladis were in astarrix; and I observed Lazy Jim leaning against the sideboard, and looking as white as chock.

I looked into his grace's plate, and, on my honor as a gulmn, among the amins and reasons, there was two rows of TEETH!

"Law!—Heavens!—what!—your grace!—is it possible," said Lady Smigsmag, puttin her hand into the duke's plate. "Dear Duke of Aldersgate! as I live, they are my lost teeth

Flesh and blood coodn't stand this, and I bust out latfin, till I thought I should split; a footman's a man, and as impregnable as hany other to the ridiklous. I bust, and every body bust after me—lords and ladies, duke and butler, and all—every body excep Lazy Jim.

Would you blieve it? *He hadn't cleaned out the glasses, and the company was a washin themselves in second-hand water, a fortnit old!*

I don't wish to insinuate that this kind of th ng is general; only people had better take warnin by me and Mr. Skeleton, and wash theirselves at home Lazy Jeames was turned off the nex mornin, took to drinkin and evil habits, and is now, in consquints, a leftenant general in the Auxiliary Legend. Let's now get on to what Skelton calls his "Derelictions"—here's some of 'em, and very funny ones they are too What do you think of Number 1, by way of a derelection!

"1. A knocker on the door of a lone house in the country.

"2. When on horseback, to be followed by a groom in a fine livery; or, when in your gig or cab, with a 'tiger' so adorned by your side. George IV., whose taste was never excelled, if ever equalled, always, excepting on state occasions, exhibited his retinue in plain liveries—a grey frock being the usual dress of his grooms.

"4. To elbow people as you walk is rude. For such uncouth beings, perhaps, a good thrashing would be the best monitor; only there might be disagreeables attending the correction, in the shape of legal functionaries.

"9. When riding with a companion, be not two or three horse-lengths before or behind.

"10. When walking with one friend, and you encounter another, although you may stop and speak, never introduce the strangers, unless each expresses a wish to that effect.

"13. Be careful to check vulgarities in children; for instance: 'Tom, did you get wet?'—'No; Bob did, but I cut away.' You should also affectionately rebuke an unbecoming tone and manner in children.

"18. To pass a glass, or any drinking vessel, by the brim, or to offer a lady a bumper, are things equally in bad taste.

"19. To look from the window to ascertain who has knocked, whilst the servant goes to the door, must not be done.

"26. Humming, drumming, or whistling, we must avoid, as disrespectful to our company.

"27. Never whisper in company, nor make confidants of mere acquaintance.

"28. Vulgar abbreviations, such as gent for gentleman, or buss for omnibus, must be shunned.

"29. Make no noise in eating; as, when you masticate with the lips unclosed, the action of the jaw is heard. It is equally bad in drinking. Gulping loudly is abominable—it is but habit—unrestrained, no more; but enough to disgust.

"30. To do any thing that might be obnoxious to censure, or even bear animadsion from eccentricity, you must take care not to commit.

"31. Be especially cautious not to drink while your plate is sent to be replenished.

"32. A bright light in a dirty lamp* is not to be endured.

"33. The statue of the Achilles in Hyde Park is in bad taste. To erect a statue in honor of a hero in a defensive attitude, when his good sword has carved his renown—Ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha! isn't that ridiklous? Not the statue I mean, but the *dereliction*, as Skillyton calls it. Ha, ha, ha! indeed! *Defensive* hattitude! He may call that nasty figger *defensive*—I say it's *hoffensive*, and no mistake. But read the whole bunch of remarx, Mr. YORKE; a'nt they *rich!*—an't they what you may call a perfect gallixy of derelictions!

Take, for instance, twenty-nine and thutty-one—gulpins, mastigatin, and the haction of the jaw! Why, sich things a'nt done, not by the knife-boy, and the skillery-made, who dine in the back kitchen after we've done! And nex appeal to thutty-one. *Why* shouldn't a man drink, when his plate's taken away! Is it unnatral! is it ungen'm'n'ly! is it unbecomin! If he'd said that a chap shouldn't drink when his *glass* is taken away, that would be a reason, and a good one. Now let's read "hayteen." Pass a glass *by the brim!* Put your thum and fingers, I spose. The very notin makes me all over uncomfrble; and, in all my experience of society, I never saw no not a coal-heaver do such a thing. Nex comes:

"The most barbarous modern introduction is the habit of wearing the hat in the 'salon,' as now practised even in the presence of the ladies.

"When, in making a morning call, you give your card at the door, the servant should be instructed to do his duty, and not stand looking at the name on the card while you speak to him."

There's two rules for you! Who *does* wear a hat in the salong? Nobody, as I ever saw. And as for Number 40, I can only say, on my own part individiwidiwally, and on the part of the perfession, that if ever Mr. Skelton comes to a house where I am the gen'l'm'n to open the door, and instrux me about doing my duty, I'll instruct him about the head, I will. No man should instruct other people's servants. No man should bully or talk loud to a gen'l'm'n who, from his wery situation, is hincapable of defense or reply. I've known this cistim to be carried on by low swaggerin fellars in clubbs and privit houses, but never by reel gen'l'm'n. And now for the last maxum or dereliction:

"The custom of putting the knife in the mouth is so repulsive to our feelings as men, is so entirely at variance with the manners of gentlemen, that I deem it unnecessary to inveigh against it here. The very appearance of the act is

'A monster of so odious mien,
That to be hated, needs only to be seen.'"

Oh, Heavens! the notion is overpowerin! I once saw a gen'l'm'n cut his head off eatin peez in that way. Knife in your mouth!—oh!—fawgh!—it makes me all over. Mrs. Cook, do have the kindness to git me a basin!

* * * * * *

In this abrupt way Mr. Yellowplush's article concludes. The notion conveyed in the last paragraph was too disgusting for his delicate spirit, and caused him emotions that are neither pleasant to experience nor to describe.

It may be objected to his communication, that it contains some orthographic eccentricities, and that his acuteness surpasses considerably his education. But a gentleman of his rank and talent was the exact person fitted to criticise the volume which forms the subject of his remarks. We at once saw that only Mr. Yellowplush was fit for Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton for Mr. Yellowplush. There is a luxury of fashionable observation, a fund of apt illustration, an intimacy with the first leaders of the *ton*, and a richness of authentic anecdote, which is not to be found in any other writer of any other periodical. He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned.

It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with *the only authentic picture of fashionable life* which has been given to the world in our time. All the rest are stolen and disfigured copies of that original piece, of which we are proud to be in possession.

After our contributor's able critique, it is needless for us to extend our remarks upon Mr. Skelton's book. We have to thank that gentleman for some hour's extraordinary amusement; and shall be delighted at any further productions of his pen.

O. Y.

Frazer's Magazine.

* My Book: or, the Anatomy of Conduct. By John Henry Skelton. London, 1837. Simpkin and Marshal.

† I cannot refrain from quttin, in a note, the following extract from page 8:—

"To be done with propriety, every thing must be d me quietly. When the cards are dealt round, do not sort them in all possible haste, and, having performed it in a most hurried manner, clap your cards on the table, looki g proudly round conscious of your own superiority. I speak to those in good society—not to him who, making cards his trade, has his natives for thus hurrying,—that he may remark the countenances of those with whom he plays,—that he may make observations in *his mind's eye*, from what passes around, and use those observations to *suit ulterior ends*."

This, now, is what I call a reg'lar parryle! passidge, and renders quite clear Mr. Skeltonsenses notin of the situation of the mind's eye.—CHAS. YLPLSH.

* If in the hall, or in your cab, this, if seen a second time, admits no excuse; *turn away the man.*"

RIGHT AND WRONG—A SKETCH AT SEA.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The rights of man, whether abstract or real, divine or vulgar, vested or contested, civil or uncivil, common or uncommon, have been so fully and frequently discussed, that one would suppose there was nothing new to be felt or expressed on the subject. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, during a late passage from Ireland, to hear the rights of an individual asserted in so very novel a manner, as to seem worthy of record. The injured party was an involuntary fellow passenger; and the first glance at him, as he leisurely ascended the cabin stairs, bespoke him an original. His face, figure, dress, gait, and gestures, were all more or less eccentric; yet without any apparent affection of singularity. His manner was perfectly earnest and business-like, though quaint. On reaching the deck, his first movement was toward the gangway; but a moment sufficed to acquaint him with the true state of the case. The letter bags having been detained an hour beyond the usual time of departure, the steam had been put on at a gallop, and her Majesty's mail packet, the Guebre, had already accomplished some hundred fathoms of her course. The untoward event, however, seemed rather to surprise than annoy our original, who quietly stepped up to the captain, with the air of demanding what was merely a matter of course.

"Hallo, skipper! Off she goes, ha! But you must turn about, my boy, and let me get out."

"Let you get out!" echoed the astonished skipper, and again repeating it, with what the musicians call a staccato:—"Let—you—get—out!"

"Exactly so. I'm going ashore."

"I'm rather afraid you are not, sir," said the skipper, looking decidedly serious, "unless you allude to the other side!"

"The other side!" exclaimed the oddity, involuntarily turning towards *England*. "Poo! poo! nonsense man; I only came to look at your accommodations. I'm not going across with you; I'm not, upon my word!"

"I must beg your pardon, sir," said the captain, quite solemnly; "but it is my firm opinion that you are going across."

"Poo; poo; all gammon; I tell you that I am going back to Dublin."

"Upon my word, then," said the skipper, rather briskly, "you must swim back, like a grampus, or borrow a pair of wings from the gulls."

The man at the helm grinned his broadest, at what he thought a good joke of his officer's; while the original turned sharply round, parodied a hyena's laugh at the fellow, and then returned to the charge.

"Come, come, skipper; it's quite as far as I care for—if you want to treat me to a sail."

"Treat you to a sail!" roared the indignant officer. "Zounds! sir, I'm in earnest—as much in earnest as ever I was in my life."

"So much the better," answered the original; *I'm* not joking, myself, and have no right to be joked upon."

"Joke or no joke," said the captain, "all I know is this—the mail bags are on board, and it's more than my post is worth to put back."

"Eh! what! how!" exclaimed the oddity, with a sort of nervous dance. "You astonish me! Do—you—mean to say—I'm obliged to go—whether I've a right or not!"

"I do, indeed, sir; I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped. My orders are positive. The moment the mail is on board, I must cast off."

"Indeed! well—but you know—why—why, that's *your* duty, not, not *mine*. I've no right to be cast off! I've no right to be here at all! I've no right to be any where, except in Merrion Square!"

The captain was bothered. He shrugged up his shoulders, then gave a low whistle, then plunged his hands in his pockets, then gave a loud order to somebody to do something somewhere or other; and then began to walk short turns on the deck. His captive, in the meantime, made hasty strides toward the stern, as if intending to leap overboard; but he suddenly stopped short, and took a bewildering look at the receding coast. The original wrong was visibly increasing in length, breadth, and depth, every minute; and he again confronted the captain.

"Well, skipper, you've thought better of it; I've no right in the world, have I! You will turn her round."

"Totally impossible, sir; quite out of my power."

"Very well, very well, very well, indeed!" The original's temper was getting up, as well as the sea. "But mind, sir, I protest; I protest against you, sir, and against the ship, and the ocean, sir, and every thing! I'm getting farther and farther out; but remember, I've no *right*. You will take the consequences. I have no right to be kidnapped; ask the crown lawyers if you think fit."

After this denouncement the speaker began to pace up and down, like the captain, but at the opposite side of the deck. He was on the boil, however, as well as the engine; and every time that he passed near the man whom he considered as his Sir Hudson Lowe, he gave vent to his inward feelings in a jerk of the head, accompanied by a short pig-like grunt. Now and then it broke out in words, but always the same four monosyllables. "This—is—too—bad"—with a most emphatic fall of the foot to each. At last it occurred to a stout, pompous-looking personage to interpose as a mediator. He began by dilating upon the immense commercial importance of a punctual delivery of letters; thence he insisted on the heavy responsibility of the captain, with a promise of an early return-packet from Hollyhead; and he was entering into a congratulation on the fineness of the weather, when the original thought it was time to cut him short.

"My good sir, you'll excuse me. The case is nobody's but my own. *You* are a regular passenger. You have a right to be in this packet. You have a right to go to Hollyhead, or to Liverpool, or to Gibraltar, or to the world's end—*if—you—like*. But *I* choose to be in Dublin. What right have I to be here then!—No:—one—atom! I've no right to be in this vessel; and the captain, there, knows it. I've no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I've no more right to be tossing at sea (waving his arms up and down) than in the Pigeon House!"

"It is a very unpleasant situation, I allow, sir," said the captain to the stout passenger; "but, as I have told the gentleman, my hands are tied. I can do nothing, though nobody is more sorry for his inconvenience."

"Inconvenience be hanged!" exclaimed the oddity in a passion, at last. "It is *no* inconvenience!—not—the—smallest! But that makes no difference to my being here. It's that, and that alone, I dispute all right to!"

"Well, but my dear, good sir," expostulated the pompous man, "admitting the justice of your premises, the hardship is confessedly without remedy."

"To be sure it is," said the captain, "every inch of it. All I can say is, that the gentleman's passage shall be no expense to him."

"Thankee—of *course* not," said the original with a sneer. "I've no right to put my hand into my pocket! Not that I mind expense! But it's my right I stand up for, and I defy you both to prove that I have any right, or any shadow of a right, to be in your company! I'll tell you what, skipper"—but before he could finish the sentence, he turned suddenly pale, made a most grotesque, wry face, and rushed forward to the bow of the vessel. The captain exchanged a significant smile with the stout gentleman; but before they had quite spoken their minds of the absent character, he came scrambling back to the binnacle, upon which he rested with both hands, while he thrust his working visage within a foot of the skipper's face.

"There, skipper! now Mister What-d'ye-call-'im! what do you both say to *that?* What right have I to be sick—as sick as a dog? I've no right to be squeamish! I'm not a passenger. I've no right to go tumbling over ropes, and pails, and what not, to the ship's head!"

"But my good sir," began the pompous man.

"Don't sir me, sir. *You* took your own passage. You have a *right* to be sick; you've a right to go to the side every five minutes; you've a right to *die* of it! But it's the reverse with me; I have no right of the sort."

"O certainly not, sir," said the pomposity, offended in his turn. "You are

June 30.

undoubtedly the best judge of your own priv
remark, that where I felt I had so little right I
So saying, he bowed very formally, and comm
the skipper pretended to examine the compass
nal had met with a chokepear. The fat man
being framed on a principle clean contrary to
The more he tried to unravel its meaning, the
like it, without knowing why; and he quite di
its purport. He looked up at the funnel, a
down the companion stairs; and then he woun
as mysterious as Lord Burleigh's, at the aston
seemed made up. He buttoned his coat up t
self to himself, and never opened his lips aga
Hollyhead. The captain then attempted a fin
the middle.

"Enough said, sir—quite enough. If you
right to beg pardon—and I've no right to ask
in Hollyhead instead of Dublin. I don't care
understand his own rights.—I stick to all I sa
in the moon, have I! Of course not; and I
present quay, than I have to be up in the moo

THINGS PISC

There is a pleasure in the
There is a rapture on t
There is a society where
By the deep sea, and m

May—"the merry, merry month of May"
and delicate grayling. Now does the fisher
he feel the pliability of his rod; now ascerta
and the free motion of his reel: now come
swarm of flies which have so tranquilly doze
sheets of his pocket-book: now does he ech
erly wind and a cloudy sky!"

In the short space allotted me, I will ende
—a few "*wrinkles*" of what I have found
fisherman who devoutly spells this mentiliy
tle trouble the cream of a "brother of the cr

I cannot begin better than with an extract
dozen years by-gone, but which is admirably

"FIELD SPORTS.—Angling seems the ear
—(This I by no means assent to, as *huntin*
savage.)—"There the new-breeched urchin
bit barnie, and with crooked pin, baited wit
and attached to a yarn thread—*for he has n*
his rod of the mere willow or hazel wand;
hours (as forgetful of his Primer as if the w
vented), day after day, week after week, m
nest, passionate, heart-mind-and-soul-engro
ing a minnow or beardie!"

And this is angling—a sport that require
much patience as mathematics, and as muc

Mr. Rennie (from whom I am quoting) h
called the "Alphabet of Angling"—althou
to his production as to that of others—"I
portant fact to a young inquirer—*that all is*
books For example, in this very art of an
'Delight' to Daniell's 'Rural Sports,' dire
the stream, and never to draw them agains
angler who ever threw a fly could possibly

So far so good; but I deny the absurdit
the water, the angler, after casting his fly,
touch the top of each tiny wave, bounding
life-like motion; but then *before* raising h
his fly a quarter of a yard, and *in this quar*
his fish: the whole is the work of a sec
tracted by the fall of a fly, which hops *awa*
same or a similar *morceau* carried *towards*
it to pass by.

Who has not heard of that famous Prior
In her "Book of St. Alban's," printed in
at leest hath his holsom walke mery at his
voure of the meade floures, that makyth hi
armony of fowles: he seeth the yonge swan
other fowles, wyth theyr broodes, whych
of houndys, the blasts of hornys, and the s
and fowlers can make. And if the angle
man merrier than he is in his spiryres."

Colonel Hawker, in his admirable work
directions both for the selection of tackle,
nel is a *practical* sportsman, and, though
tions, I hold to be altogether the best gu
have not his book on Field Sports by me a
of his honorable mention that I called at
Yard, Temble Bar. I purchased a rod a
pedience I have since had of them, I can
very fair tradesman, and his tackle as *u*
advice, which, as far as I remember, is t
gloomy weather, a dark for bright sunsh
were the stock-in-trade of an experience
that those are *all* that are necessary. I h
green drake answer when my red palmers
ters in vain." But if I were limited to *on*
choose the *red palmer*, with dark body int
from April 9 to *May* 9, I have used it wi
when I try any other variety.

For those who make their own flies, th
green May fly (ephemera). *a killer.* "Tie
bear's hair mixed with yellow mohair,
strip of peacock's herl for the head; the
lard, dyed yellow; the hackle from the bi
hairs of the sable or ferret. Hook No. 7

What poor trout *can* escape when all
skins, their bristles, yea, all that they ha

And this will not reach the gentle read
more fly. The water being in this mont
be more artful in order to induce the fis
is a well known fly this month, and may
large sort has the body dubbed with sea
hair, whipped with gold twist; the win
from a red game-cock: hook No. 7. T
yellow fur from a spaniel's ear, whipped
in the large sort: hooks No. 8 and 9.
barn-owl, flesh, and peacock flies, the
gnats."

Last year I found nothing could equa
or 8; threading one small to cover the
barb; then throwing it lightly on the
few trout could resist the tempting mo

With regard to *grayling*, it may be
with the exception of minnow fishing,
ton, is not found to be good. The fin
have known good fishermen foiled by
their fly was of the right size and colo
lor of the water is one of the most imp
May-flies and moths *in the summer* a
method more likely to fill your basket
a leaded hook the lead and shank of
silk to imitate the body of the animal.

In conclusion, as I am obliged to b
men good sport, and no worse fare th
to be the best *fresh-water* fish that sw

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Jun

MANNER

A member elect of the lower char
year persuaded by some wags of hi
state house at ten o'clock on the d
would lose his seat He immediatel
knife, and spurred till he got to the
nag. A crowd were in the chamber
ing about with hats on, and smoking
the senate chamber, set his rifle agai

"Strangers, whars the man what
his credentials

"Walk this way," said the clerk.
Principe, and he was sworn without

undoubtedly the best judge of your own privileges. I only beg to be allowed to remark, that where I felt I had so little right I should hesitate to intrude myself." So saying, he bowed very formally, and commenced his retreat to the cabin, while the skipper pretended to examine the compass very minutely. In fact, our original had met with a chokepear. The fat man's answer was too much for him, being framed on a principle clean contrary to his own peculiar system of logic. The more he tried to unravel its meaning, the more he got entangled. He didn't like it, without knowing why; and he quite disagreed with it, though ignorant of its purport. He looked up at the funnel, and at the flag, and at the deck, and down the companion stairs; and then he wound up all by a long shake of his head, as mysterious as Lord Burleigh's, at the astonished man at the wheel.—His mind seemed made up. He buttoned his coat up to the very chin, as if to secure himself to himself, and never opened his lips again till the vessel touched the quay at Hollyhead. The captain then attempted a final apology, but it was interrupted in the middle.

"Enough said, sir—quite enough. If you've only done your duty, you've no right to beg pardon—and I've no right to ask it. All I mean to say is, here am I, in Hollyhead instead of Dublin. I don't care what that fat fellow says, who don't understand his own rights.—I stick to all I said before. I have no right to be up in the moon, have I? Of course not; and I've no more right to stand on this present quay, than I have to be up in the moon."

THINGS PISCATORIAL.

There is a pleasure in the rolling floods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

May—"the merry, merry month of May"—is come, and with it the saucy trout and delicate grayling. Now does the fisherman "*look up*" his tackle; now does he feel the pliability of his rod; now ascertain the soundness of his landing-net, and the free motion of his reel: now come to light, and almost life, his countless swarm of flies which have so tranquilly dozed away the winter between the vellum sheets of his pocket-book: now does he echo the huntsman's prayer for "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky!"

In the short space allotted me, I will endeavor to put down a few hints on fishing—a few "*acrokies*" of what I have found most useful to know. Many a tyro-fisherman who devoutly spells this monthly budget will be glad to obtain with little trouble the cream of a "brother of the craft's" researches.

I cannot begin better than with an extract from *Blackwood's Magazine* of some dozen years by-gone, but which is admirably graphic:—

"FIELD SPORTS.—Angling seems the earliest of them all in the order of nature."—(This I by no means assent to, as *hunting* is the first instinctive desire of the savage.)—"There the new-breeched urchin stands on the low bridge of the little bit burnie, and with crooked pin, baited with one unwrithing ring of a dead worm, and attached to a yarn thread—*for he has not got into hair, and is years off gut*—his rod of the mere willow or hazel wand; there will he stand during all his play-hours (as forgetful of his Primer as if the weary art of printing had never been invented), day after day, week after week, month after month, in mute, deep, earnest, passionate, heart-mind-and-soul-engrossing hope of some time or other catching a minnow or beardie!"

And this is angling—a sport that requires as much enthusiasm as poetry, as much patience as mathematics, and as much caution as housebreaking!

Mr. Rennie (from whom I am quoting) has published a very useful little book called the "Alphabet of Angling"—although a remark he makes is as applicable to his production as to that of others—"I found out (says Mr. R.) the most important fact to a young inquirer—*that all is not to be trusted which is met with in books*. For example, in this very art of angling, all the books from Old Barker's 'Delight' to Daniell's 'Rural Sports,' direct the fly-fisher to 'let the flies go *down* the stream, and never to draw them against it, because it is unnatural,' though no angler who ever threw a fly could possibly comply with this absurdity."

So far so good; but I deny the absurdity. Doubtless, when a slight ripple curls the water, the angler, after casting his fly, will draw it lightly back, allowing it to touch the top of each tiny wave, bounding from one to the other with an almost life-like motion; but then *before* raising his rod he will allow the stream to carry his fly a quarter of a yard, and *in this quarter of a yard it is* that he oftimes takes his fish: the whole is the work of a second. But suppose a fish's notice is attracted by the fall of a fly, which hops *away from him*, but in a second he sees the same or a similar *morceau* carried *towards him*, the odds are that he will not allow it to pass by.

Who has not heard of that famous Prioress of Sopwell, Dame Juliana Barnes! In her "Book of St. Alban's," printed in 1486, well does she say, "The angler at leest hath his holsom walke mery at his ease, and a swete avre of the swete savoure of the meade floures, that makyth him hungry. He heareth the melodyous armony of fowles; he seeth the youge swannes, herons, duckes, cootes, and many other fowles, wyth theyr broodes, which to me seemeth better than all the noyse of houndys, the blasts of hornys, and the scrye of fowles, that hunters, fawkners, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fysshe, surely thenne is there no man merrier than he is in his spyrytes."

Colonel Hawker, in his admirable work, gives some very clear and trustworthy directions both for the selection of tackle, and the *use* and *abuse* of it. The Colonel is a *practical* sportsman, and, though *rather* antiquated in some few of his notions, I hold to be altogether the best guide a young sportsman can turn to. I have not his book on Field Sports by me at this moment, but it was in consequence of his honorable mention that I called at "*Chevalier's*," Fishing-rod maker, Bell Yard, Temple Bar. I purchased a rod and a quantity of tackle, and from the experience I have since had of them, I can safely recommend Mr. Chevalier as a *very* fair tradesman, and his tackle as *unexceptionable*. I followed the Colonel's advice, which, as far as I remember, is to the effect that "a light-colored fly for gloomy weather, a dark for bright sunshiny days, and a white moth for night," were the stock-in-trade of an experienced sportsman. I do *not* admit, however, that those are *all* that are necessary. I have found very often a red spinner or a green drake answer when my red palmers and dun cuts were "thrashing the waters in vain." But if I were limited to *one fly of all work*, I should unhesitatingly choose the *red palmer*, with dark body interwoven with gold. Up to this moment, from April 9 to *May* 9, I have used it with *complete success*, and my sport ceases when I try any other variety.

For those who make their own flies, this is the "recipe" for the green drake or green May fly (ephemera). *a killer*. "The body is dubbed with hog's down or light bear's hair mixed with yellow mohair, whipped with pale flos silk, and a small strip of peacock's herl for the head; the wings from the rayed feathers of the mallard, dyed yellow; the hackle from the bittern's neck, and the tail from the long hairs of the sable or ferret. Hook No. 7 is used."

What poor trout *can* escape when all animated nature lend their feathers, their skins, their bristles, yea, all that they have, to deceive a too-confiding fish!

And this will not reach the gentle reader's eye till June, I add directions for one more fly. The water being in this month in general clearer, the angler requires to be more artful in order to induce the fish to bite. "The red spinner (pyrochroa) is a well known fly this month, and may be made either larger or smaller. The large sort has the body dubbed with seal's fur, dyed red, mixed with brown bear's hair, whipped with gold twist; the wings from a starling's feather; the hackle from a red game-cock: hook No. 7. The smaller sort has the body dubbed with yellow fur from a spaniel's ear, whipped with gold twist; the wings and hackle as in the large sort: hooks No. 8 and 9. The other flies for this month are the barn-owl, flesh, and peacock flies, the green grasshopper, and various species of gnats."

Last year I found nothing could equal the green grasshopper, with a hook No. 7 or 8; threading one small to cover the shank, and a second, larger, to conceal the barb; then throwing it lightly on the water, and letting it sink but a few inches, few trout could resist the tempting mouthful.

With regard to *grayling*, it may be angled for much in the same way as trout, *with the exception of minnow fishing*, which, notwithstanding the authority of Walton, is not found to be good. The fineness of your tackle is an essential point. I have known good fishermen foiled by using a gut of the ordinary thickness, though their fly was of the right size and color. Very slender transparent gut of the color of the water is one of the most important causes of success in grayling-fishing: May-flies and moths *in the summer* are greedily taken by them. But there is no method more likely to fill your basket than applying a grasshopper to the point of a leaded hook the lead and shank of which are covered with green and yellow silk to imitate the body of the animal. This mode is called "sinking and drawing."

In conclusion, as I am obliged to break off abruptly, I wish my brother fishermen good sport, and no worse fare than a smoking dish of grayling! I hold them to be the best *fresh-water* fish that swim. AMATEUR.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for June.

MANNERS IN MISSOURI.

A member elect of the lower chamber of the legislature of this State was last year persuaded by some wags of his neighborhood, that if he did not reach the state house at ten o'clock on the day of assembly, he could not be sworn, and would lose his seat. He immediately mounted with hunting frock, rifle, and bowie knife, and spurred till he got to the door of the state house, where he hitched his nag. A crowd were in the chamber of the lower house on the ground floor, walking about with hats on, and smoking cigars. These he passed, ran up stairs in the senate chamber, set his rifle against the wall, and bawled out—

"Strangers, whars the man what sworns me in?" at the same time taking out his credentials.

"Walk this way," said the clerk, who was at the same moment igniting a real Principe, and he was sworn without inquiry.

When the teller came to count noses, he found there was one Senator too many present. The mistake was soon discovered, and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there.

"Fool who! with your corn bread!" he roared. "You can't flunk this child no how you can fix it. I'm elected to this here legislatur, and I'll go agin all banks and eternal improvements, and if there's any of you oratory gentlemen wants to get skinned, just say the word, and I'll light upon you like a nigger on a wood chuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two-legged animal, hop on jest as soon as you like,—though I'm from the back country, I'm a leetle smarter than any other quadruped you can turn out of this drove."

After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie knife between his teeth, and took up his rifle, saying—"Come here, old Suke, and stand by me!" at the same time presenting it at the chairman, who, however, had seen such people before. After some expostulation, the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun across his shoulder, and with a profound congee, remarked—

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but if I didn't think that ar lower room was the groggery, may I be shot." Warrenton (N. C.) Reporter.

THE HUMORS OF A RACE DAY.

For the races, take your places,
Here's the phæton at the door.
We'll be in it, in a minute;
How it rains! Oh, what a bore!

I shall drive, Bob; you contrive, Bob,
To keep sister Susan dry;
As she's dressed though, she had best go
Up in front with Jane and I.

Is the prog in, and the grog in—
And the champagne stowed away?
And the ham, too, and cold lamb, too,
And the salad—where are they?

They're all right, sir, put in quite, sir,
At the back of where you sit.
Off we go then—Hey-hey, ho, then!
I say, George, though,—wait a bit.

Now all's right, George:—stay—not quite, George;
There's something yet forgot.
We shan't miss it, pray what is it!
'Tis the—'tis the—you know what.

Take this seat, miss,—move your feet, miss;
Tuck my coat in; there, that's right.
Do I squeeze you! does that case you?
No, you've jammed my leg quite tight.

We must stay now, here, and pay now.
I've got money. Very well.
What!—"A Joe."—Woey, horse, wo!
And the letter!—U.N.L.

On we rumble, horses stumble,
Splashing, dashing, through the wet;
Now it's dropping, from the top in—
What a soaking we shall get!

At the races—what a place 'tis!
Crowds of 'busses, chaise, and carts:
Horses fretting, people betting,
On each nag before he starts.

Off they run, now. Five to one, now,
Green and white against the blue!
Wont you stake it! I'll not take it,
No such odds, sir;—thanks to you.

If you bet it, why you'll get it—
Oh! confound this cursed rain;
It keeps pouring, the chaise more in:—
Where the devil's the champagne?

Get the prog out, and the grog out;
Ladies, that's a leg of lamb;
There's a pie, though, perhaps you'll try, though.—
'Tis, I think, a veal and ham.

Mind your head now—where's the bread now?
Gad! it's much too wet to eat;
Where was *it* put! Every bit put
Underneath the carriage seat.

That can't be, Bob;—only see, Bob,—
Why it's really all a sop.
I say, Thomas, how far from us
Is the nearest baker's shop!

Reach the glasses—fill the lasses
Each a bumper of champagne.
Oh! my bounet!—what's upon it!
That cursed hood's come down again.

There's a fight, now,—shocking sight, now;
Captain Bowles, what is *he* at!
Hold your tongue, sir!—You be hung, sir!
There, you rascal, pocket that.

Now, my lady, are you ready,
Wont you like your fortune told?
Tell you all things—great and small things,
If your pretty hand you'll hold.

Will you play, sir?—Here, this way, sir,
Just for what you please to stake;
That's the pea, sir;—let it be, sir.
How the fellow's fingers shake!

Yes, I'll try then, just one shy, then;—
I say, Bobby, do you twig,
Which it's under—which, I wonder?
That! No;—damn this thimble-rig!

Try a throw, now—just do so, now;—
If it comes to forty-four,
You'll just nick it—that's the ticket!
Only thirty;—try once more!

Now the rain's gone, and champagne's gone,
And the race done—wherefore stay?
All the lamb too, and the ham too,
And the salad:—Let's away!

Where's my whip, Bob?—Let that slip, Bob;
Girth this mare a little more;
She's a lame un.—It's the same un
What your honor had afore.

Now then, woey!—once more, Joey;—
Stand a-side, you turnpike clown.
Damn him, floor him, drive on o'er him!
That's your sort, George—there, he's down!

Home we get now, stiff from wet now;
But our clothes we soon replace:—
George is chaffing, and I'm laughing
At the humors of the race.

Blackheath, May, 1838. F. W. B.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for June, 1838.

"BE QUIET—DO! I'LL CALL MY MOTHER."

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak-tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by, but John, my lover!
He pressed my hand, and kissed my cheek;
Then warmer growing, kissed the other;
While I exclaimed, and strove to shriek,
"*Be quiet—do! I'll call my mother!*"

II.

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
And wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me.
He feigned such pretty, amorous woe,
Breathed such sweet vows one after t'other,
I could but smile, while whispering low,
"*Be quiet—do! I'll call my mother!*"

III.

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me!
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When with a kiss he rose to leave me.
"Oh, John!" said I, "and must thou go!
I love thee better than all other!
There is no need to hurry so,
I never meant to call my mother!"

THE LAMBTON HUNT.—The retirement of the venerable Ralph Lambton, Esq. from the Hunting Field, of which he has been one of the most ardent and zealous supporters for a period of nearly forty years, it is scarcely necessary to say, is most sincerely regretted by the gentlemen of North Durham, as much from the cause of his absence as from the loss of that diversion which he so liberally afforded them; for, in addition to his celebrity as a Master of Hounds, he was a genuine specimen of the "fine old old English gentleman of the olden time," and the idol of the circle in which he moved. It was at first announced that the hounds had been sold by J. Williamson and R. S. Surtees, Esq. (on behalf of Mr. Lambton), to Sir Matthew Ridley for the South Northumberland country, the worthy Baronet having at a word closed the bargain for them at £2500, a sum exceeding by £500 more than was ever remembered to have been previously given for a pack, the highest price on record being £2000, at which sum "the great John Ward" sold his hounds to Mr. Horlock. It appears now, however, that there was some misunderstanding in this announcement, or rather in their actual disposal. Mr. W. Lambton had offered them to Lord Suffield in London, but in consequence of some misconception it was supposed his Lordship did not intend to purchase them, and they were disposed of by the gentlemen appointed by the owner as above-stated, and the price actually paid by Sir Matthew Ridley. As soon as the Noble Lord heard of this transfer, he insisted that he had a prior claim; and we understand the Hon. Baronet, with that good feeling so characteristic of the true Sportsman, has resigned the "wish dearest to his heart," and his Lordship is now the owner of this celebrated pack at a higher figure, having paid 3000 guineas, being at the rate of 20 guineas a dog. Their *locale* will now be Melton Mowbray. On the 21st May, Mr. Lambton's entire stud of hunters was sold by public auction by Mr. Wetherell, of Durham, at the Lambton Arms, Chester-le-Street, when the 21 lots realized 1140 gs., the highest figure being 160 gs. for The Kitten, by MacOrville.

Strauss, the Vienna composer and player—styled the "Napoleon of the Waltz"—it is stated in a late foreign journal, has so completely trained his band to work with him that all separate individuality is lost and an effect is produced like that of an accurately constructed machine; the most eccentric instruments, such as bells, castanets, cracking whips, &c., are occasionally introduced, and the construction of many pieces is highly fantastic, yet never is the mechanical precision lost for an instant. Thus the band, though small, is made to give the effect of one of three times more numerous.

LIFE IN MISSOURI—CLASSIC NAMES.

In one of those long journeys to a frontier post that we were once accustomed to make, which always recalled to memory pilgrimages to the holy shrine, we traversed one day a twenty mile prairie. It was in the midst of the season called "fly-time;" the days were long, and the weather unmercifully hot. Several gentlemen of the army and some citizens were of the number of sufferers on the occasion; and all looked to us as an old traveller on the route, and placed entire reliance on us for the choice of stopping places, roads, distances, &c. The latter end of the last prairie we passed over seemed as painful as the closing scenes of an ill-spent life. The sun and the prairie flies inflicted so much suffering on the horse and rider, that we rejoiced exceedingly when we reached the timbered land that sheltered us from both. The house of entertainment, of the better order of doubtful things of this kind, was in view soon after leaving the prairie, and we promised ourselves luxurious indulgence in cool spring water, food, and repose. On approaching the cabin our hostess was kind enough to stand in the passage, as ready as a mile stone to accommodate the stranger and wayfaring man with intelligence of an interesting character.

"Can you entertain so many travellers, madam?"

"I reckon, please to light off, gentlemen," was the calm reply; then running to the end of the house, she called to her three sons, who were playing marbles there, "you Homer, Virgil, Milton, run to the big field and tell daddy that there air a heap of gentlemen here, that allow to stay all night; and please to walk into this room, or will you take cheers and sit in the passage! it is cooler."

"Sally," continued my landlady, "tell Becca to make on a fire, and tell Patsey and all the other little niggurs to run down a few chickens—lay your saddle-bags in this room—Jim, fetch a piggin of water from the spring—shall I take your umbrella and whip, stranger?—How have you been, Major?—how are all your consarns?—you will stop and see your old acquaintance sort-a-neighborly-like once in a while.—Sally, grind the coffee," (and in an under tone) "put in an sprinkle past common, for these are gentleman officers."

"What, mamma, them men with jeans on officers?"

"No, child, but the height of them are; and I don't know, Sally, that the jean coats make any difference after all; I married your daddy in one, and of all men on this yearth, he is the beautifulest I ever seed."

"Mammy, don't you think a blue coat, with white lace on the collar, like the major's, would make daddy look better a heap?"

At this moment the old gentleman came into the yard, with his hat in his hand, wiping the honest product of labor from a high and manly brow, the developments, phrenologically considered, as they opened to view through the thin natural covering of a good head, intimated to us that neither cloth nor lace could improve this fine specimen of the human family.

"You have had a disagreeable ride through the prairies to-day, gentlemen. Homer, bring this other gentleman a cheer."

"Thank you, I like my seat on the grass."

"Virgil, you should never allow your old friend, the Major, to sit on the ground.—Run, Milton, to the spring, and bring some cool water.—I am sorry, gentlemen, I have nothing better to offer you than old Kentucky corn whiskey with your water; you army gentlemen, are accustomed to something we backwoodsmen would call 'a hickory above anybody's persimmon.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Estel, we have enough of patriotism and good taste to believe this a good article, as the inspector on the levee would say of the cargo of a broadhorn."

"Well, I am glad you like it—may be you would have a little honey,—run, Virgil and ask your mammy for some honey for the Major, and these other gentlemen officers, and these strangers.—I reckon you are land-hunting, gentlemen?"

"Yes, we are looking at the country, a little."

"What parts are you from, gentlemen?"

"We are from Madison county, Kentucky," was the reply.

"Well, I'm from Scott," continued mine host, "and I married in Bourbon,—How do you like Missouri?"

"Like it!" was the emphatic reply—"the only difficulty is to know which quarter section of a million of good ones we have seen we had best locate. We are in the same kind of a quandary that a young nag is, when the critter is turned into a cornfield—the animal will run a mile or two before he can begin on a hill of corn, the ears all look so tempting."

"Well, stranger, let me advise you, if you settle on the edge of a prairie, to select the mulatto soil—a crop never will fail on such land through life."

At this stage of the conservation young Milton came running to his mother, who had sent him to hunt an egg to settle the coffee, with visage as wild as if he had just then heard of the loss of paradise, exclaiming breathlessly, "Mammy! mammy! something must be done with the old speckled hen, or she will kill somebody afore long!"

When the beauties of "Boonslick," Sugar-tree bottom and the Blue's, had been set out in bold relief before the land-hunters, and the relative merits of timber and prairie fully investigated, supper was announced. Venison steak, chickens, and bear meat had already sent forth their hospitable effluvia, when our landlady came bustling into the room, clad in a black silk dress, with which she had decorated her person as an expression of civility to her guests, more than from the pride of personal appearance. When seated, the first movement she made was to blow into the spout of the coffee pot to assure herself that the passage was free, and then she began to distribute the beverage, while she encouraged her guests to proceed.

"Help yourselves, gentlemen, to such as you like, if you can find it on my table. Tea or coffee, Major, I forget which it is. Sugar or cream you don't take!"

"Cream, madam—a camp habit, acquired from necessary privation."

"Stranger," continued the kind, considerate lady, "may I pester you to carve that chicken; the Major would do it if he could with one hand.—Will you take a cup of coffee, sir.—I hope, stranger, your tea ar not inagreeable.—Sally, pass the gentleman's plate:—will you, sir, please to sugarize a little more?—Mr. Milligan, shall I help your plate to a slice of the barr meat! Stranger, take a tatur?"

"Thank ye, marm, I doos."

In this free and easy mode the hospitalities of the frontier regions were dispensed; and after supper, lodging, and a good breakfast were furnished, only fifty cents for each, "man and horse," was demanded on our departure.

A SAILOR IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

But I warn't safe yet; so I clapt on a suit of Suke's duds over my own gear, and being but a little chap, with some slutching, and letting out a reef or two here and there, I got my sail all snugly bent, and clapped a cap with a thousand little frills round my face, and a straw hurricane-house of a bonnet as big as a Guineaman's Caboose, over all, with a large black wail hanging in the brails down afore, and my shoes scandaled up my legs, so that I made a good looking wench. Well, I bid all hands good bye. Suke piped her eye a bit; but, Lord love you, we'd made our calculations o' matrimony, and got the right bearings and distance, and she was to join me at Portsmouth, and we were to make a long splice of it off hand; but then, poor thing! she thought, mayhap, I might be grabbed and punished. Up comes the coach, but the fellow wouldn't heave to directly, and "Yohoy!" says I, giving him a hail.

"Going to Portsmouth, ma'am?" says he, throwing all aback, and coming ashore from his craft.

"To be sure I am," says I. "What made you carry on in that fashion, and be d—d to you!—Is that all the regard you have for the sex?" says I.

"Would you like to go inside, ma am?" says he, opening the gangway port.

"Not a bit of it," says I: "stow away your damaged slops below, but give me a berth 'pon deck."

"Werry good, ma'am," says he, shutting the gangway port again; "will you allow me to assist you up?"

"Not by no manner o' means," says I. "Why, what the devil do you take me for? to think the captain of a frigate's maintop can't find his way aloft?"

"You mean the captain of the maintop's wife," says Susan, paying me back the pinch I gave her.

"Ay, ay, my precious," says I; "so I do, to be sure. God bless you! good bye!"

Here I go like seven bells half struck!—carry on, my boy, and I'm blessed if it shan't be a shiner in your way! And so we takes our berths, and away we made sail, happy-go-lucky, heaving-to now and then just to take in a sea-stock; and the governor had two eyes in his head, and so he finds out the latitude of the thing, but he says nothing; and we got safe through the barrier, and into Portsmouth, and I lands in the street before they reaches the inn,—for, thinks I to myself, I'd better get berthed here for to-night, and go aboard to-morrow morning.

The Paris Jockey Club.—The Jockey Club, says a letter from Paris, are never tired of the pursuit of pleasure—'tis their vocation. You may, perchance, not be aware of the full importance of this club, and think it regards only the sporting part of the creation; *pas du tout*. Know, then, that said Jockey Club is composed of some two dozen young, rich, good-looking fellows, whose edicts and actions are laws and examples for that portion of society which aims at, or has any pretensions to fashion and distinction. No lady ever rose to the reputation of a beauty, without having first been proclaimed such by this exclusive jury. No dandy ever dressed well without having minutely studied the cut and colour of the clubists' coats and waistcoats. These tyrants of the mode, too, are the dread of all *debutantes* at the Academie Royale, in one of the side boxes of which they nightly assemble, to approve or condemn. Neither dancer nor singer need entertain hopes of success and popularity when once they have experienced *the deep damnation of their "bah!"* Boston Morning Post.

THE WHIP was not challenged for in the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Beacon Course Foot Racing adjourned.—At the solicitation of many gentlemen who wish to compete with Mr. STANDARD for the large purses, and who are unwilling to do so without having sufficient time for training, the racing and other exercises that were to take place on the above course on the 27th and 28th inst., are adjourned until the 5th and 6th of September next, at which time they will come off.

C. S. BROWNING,
one of the proprietors of the Beacon Course.

Another "Flyer" from old Marcella.—We learn from Lexington, Ky. that Mr. R. PINDELL's *Marcella* by Alfred, the dam of *Fanny Wright*, has a chesnut colt by Bertrand, sucking, which is believed to be considerably the finest of her produce. This fine old mare is bred to Eclipse this season, as is also her Rattler filly.

Fort Smith (Ark.) Jockey Club.—At the 3d annual meeting of the Club, convened on the 6th inst. at Fort Smith, the following gentleman were elected *Officers* for the ensuing year:—

E. RECTOR, Esq. President; JOHN DRENEN, WILLIAM DUVALL, and C. F. M. NOLAND, Esqrs. Vice Presidents; and JAMES A. SCOTT, Esq. Secretary. The races over the Fort Smith Course will commence on Wednesday, the 24th of October, and continue four days.

The St. Leger.—We find in looking over our English papers a second time, the following odds quoted on the St. Leger:—9 to 1 vs. *Ion*, who ran 2d for the Derby—10 to 1 vs. *Don John*—20 to 1 vs. *Grey Momus*, who ran 3d for the Derby, and 20 to 1 vs. *D'Egville*. No others named; the odds here quoted were current on the day following the Derby.

O'Kelly.—Will some of the Tennessee breeders inform us why O'Kelly, now standing at Gallatin, is doing nothing with them? He cost here, $7000 when stock was low. Can it be possible that a brother to *Ariel* is so generally overlooked in that State as to barely pay expenses? Are horses of his class to go out of fashion, like ladies' bonnets, before they get home? Old *Rattler*, too, was unthought of until *Mingo*, and *Atalanta*, brought him into notice when almost forgotten.

"Sora Hunt."—[What the deuce is a "Sora," any way?]—A subscriber writes us from Richmond, that three gentlemen of Petersburg went out the other day about five miles from the latter city, when Messrs. H. P. FAULKNER and S. W. MORGAN killed seventeen dozen on one tide, and Mr. A. P. LEE fifteen dozen.

Mambrino.—A correspondent desires to know whether Mambrino is a thorough bred horse? As two horses of this name have flourished at the North, we cannot fully answer his question. The most distinguished one was bred, we believe, by Gen. IRVINE of Philadelphia; he was got by Eclipse out of Grand Duchess by Gracchus, and was own brother to Gen. I.'s *Busiris*, a horse as well bred as any in the country. Another *Mambrino*, the sire of several capital trotters and roadsters, was got by Imp. Messenger out of a cold blooded or half bred mare, as we have understood. If our correspondent desires information of this last Mambrino we will endeavor to procure it for him; there are several turnmen on the island who, doubtless, can furnish it.

Quarter Race for $1000.—The "Planter's Banner," published at Franklin, La. gives the following memorandum of a match race of a quarter of a mile for $1000, half forfeit:—

The race is to be run between the hours of 12 o'clock A.M. and 1 o'clock P.M. on the Saturday of the week the Fall Races of the New Iberia Club come off, and on the front stretch of the Race track; but if the New Iberia Club should have no races in October next this race will be run at the same place on the second Saturday of October next, each horse to carry one hundred and twenty five pounds weight.

Mr. D'Auterive runs his chesnut horse *Brilliant*, and Messrs. Campbell and Harding run Mr. Theale's bay horse *Brooks*.

If either horse shall be sold two months prior to the day appointed for the race the match will be off. If either horse shall fly the track the stakes will be withdrawn. There shall be a person appointed to give the word to start, besides two judges.

The same paper gives the annexed report of a colt race which came off in that town recently:—

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse $150, for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Jared Y. Sanders' ch. f. *Miss Tennessee*, by Tennessean, out of a Creole mare.	0	2	1	1
James Sanders' ch. c. *Billie Peyton*, by Tennessean, out of a Creole mare....	0	1	2	2
Benj. Hudson's ch. c. *Paul Hooper*, by Tennessean out of a Creole mare.....	bolted.			

Time, 2:12—2:21—2:08—2:22.

Trotting Match for $2,000, Bird vs. Rolla.—The Picayune gives the following report of this match, which came off on the 22d May, over the Metairie Course, New Orleans:—

The Trotting Match between *Bird* and *Rolla*, for $2,000, 3 mile heats in harness, came off yesterday over the Metairie Course. The track was very heavy, in consequence of the rain on the previous day and night. Quite a crowd gathered on the occasion, and the interest felt in the result was extreme.

On starting, both got off well together. Rolla was ahead on rounding the first turn, and letting out some of his longest licks, while the Bird was pattering along in beautiful style, close on. On the back stretch of the first mile the Peruvian made one of his worst breaks. The Bird took advantage of it and flew by him in a twinkling, keeping ahead the entire heat, which was won in 9:32. The time may be considered slow by Northern sportsmen, but horses are scarce all over that can beat it on a track as slippery as the Metairie was yesterday.

Second Heat.—This time the Bird took wing at the start, flew round the first turn like a swallow, Harvey holding him in and taking every thing quietly. For the first mile Woodruff kept within yelling distance of the Bird, trying to scare him up all round by whooping his worst. On the second mile the gap gradually widened, and on the third, they were hardly within pistol-shot of each other, Bird coming home at the close in 9:22, and proving himself the brag nag of these parts. The bad state of the track doubtless operated against Rolla, whose long strides could not tell to advantage over the slippery surface, while the short, mincing steps of Bird enabled him to gather with the greatest ease and win without an effort.

Extract from a letter dated COLUMBUS, (Ga.) June 7, 1838.

In the "Sentinel and Herald" of this morning, I see that *Georgia* has invited *Alabama* to a trial of speed and bottom, or in other words, a horse now owned in Georgia will be run against any horse now owned in Alabama, on the Monday preceding the Fall meeting over "the Western Course of Georgia," which will take place in October next, for *Five* or *Ten Thousand Dollars*, pay or play, Four mile heats; this challenge will stand open until the first of September next. If this is accepted by the Alabamians, I have no doubt but that a nag in this place will take the field on that occasion; but then there are several at Milledgeville and Augusta that will contend for the honor and glory of the State. Our old friend HAMMOND has a string of seven or eight that look very fine, and will, no doubt, give a good account of themselves next season

Do you know of any cure for the *swinney* in horses? Yours, &c. G.

Perhaps some of our correspondents will answer G.'s query, and oblige a very *clever* fellow, in the English and American acceptation of that term?

"The Spirit of the Times" is the title of a new democratic paper just commenced in Philadelphia, by Messrs. Andrews & Meader. Its name is appropriate. Boston Morning Post

Can't say we see any thing very "appropriate" about it, save the "*appropriation*" of our "good name." This makes the fourth time "the immediate jewel of our soul" has been pilfered from us, by some Hateful Parkins, in this kind of way. We were first frightened out of our propriety by a great, bloody, anti-masonic "Spirit" in the western part of this State—a republican "Spirit" then started in Maryland—then an all-sorts-of-a "Spirit" in Arkansas or Missouri, and now "the deep damnation of our taking off" is chargeable to a democratic "Spirit" in Philadelphia. No matter; with our *Spirit* we can beat our four namesakes, "*and give 'em six!*" The "Spirit of the Times" bids fair to become as popular a title for newspapers, as for individuals are those of *Lafayette* Muggins, *George Washington* Potts, *Andrew Jackson* Crane, or *Christopher Columbus* Puck.

Sweepstakes, of all things, should be advertised early, and we are glad to see Messrs. KENDALL of Baltimore, and CORBIN of Richmond, take the field as they have this week. Proprietors of Courses must perceive the manifest advantage gained over them by those of their contemporaries who give earliest publicity to their Sweepstakes opened. A word to the wise, etc.

Something like a puff!—A South Carolina turfman sent us a letter the other day, containing the following paragraph, at which it may be supposed we felt "pretty considerably struck up." We certainly should have been, but that we are told every week that the price of our paper ought to be increased:—

"When I saw you last October in New York, I paid you my last year's subscription to your invaluable paper, and now enclose you the amount due for the present volume, $5, which is not half its value; but if a man sells his goods for less than their value, it is his own fault; the Spirit of the Times is undoubtedly the most interesting, and does the community at large more real service, than any other publication whatever. It might with propriety be called the "*Spirit and Life of the United States*;" for if a race is run within 200 miles of us, or any other sporting affair takes place within that distance, or even 100 miles, we know nothing of it until we receive the Spirit of the Times; and then we have "the full, true, and particular report" of it, and of all other matters of interest, in the sporting world."

I am, Sir, respectfully yours.

INFORMATION FOR YOUNG BREEDERS ASKED FOR.

MACON, (Ga.) June 17, 1838

DEAR SIR,—A number of your subscribers are anxious to see some approved plan of rearing *blood stock*, the management generally of brood mares, and the course to be pursued with their foals. Could you not enlist the talents of such men as Col. JOHNSON, Mr. LIVINGSTON, Gen. IRVINE, the Messrs. STEVENS, Gen. EMORY, Mr. GIBBONS, Mr. LUFFBOROUGH, Dr. MERRITT, Mr. BOARDMAN, Mr. JAS. JACKSON, or some of the many competent breeders in different sections of the country! It would be of immense advantage to NEW BEGINNERS; do procure a plan *in extenso*.

Georgia is awakening to her interest. The *Cotton bags* have heretofore taken up too much of her attention; she must now look to other resources—to *good stock* of all kinds. Well may she do so when her climate is so propitious.

My own breeding stud is not very extensive at present, but I have some among them that "will strike terror to the souls of fearful adversaries." They are now (two of them) entered by some friends in two or three large stakes. As they are the *first* of my rearing, I must be pardoned for giving you an especial commendation:—The eldest is a dark bay, with a small speck of white below the left hind fetlock, black legs, mane, and tail. I call him *A. J. Lawson*, in honor of a worthy amateur breeder and friend, the Senator of the County of Burks. He is by Imp. Hedgeford, whose inimitable game head and neck he possesses, and is pronounced by good judges to be faultless. His dam, the famous Kitty Fisher, by old Gallatin, full sister to Wild Will and Charles Kemble's dam. The many runners *Hedgeford* has got, and particularly *Duane*, must add much to the reputation of this colt. My next in number, a year younger than the above, is a sorrel filly by Imp. *Rowton*, out of the above mare; she is my favorite. This filly is said to be almost the exact image of her sire. I have refused for her $1000 cash. I call her *Princess Victoria*.

I have also a very fine *Andrew* filly, her dam nearly the same pedigree of *Pet*, the dam of *Miss Medley*.

We are now breeding to Imp. *Coronet*; he suits my taste most admirably,—a rich bay, of the most exact proportions, and inimitably formed. As you know, he was a good runner in England, having won upwards of *thirty races*. He has served 70 mares, among them some very good ones. Success attend you.

Yours, respectfully, J. I.

THE SHOOTING SWEEPSTAKES.

COLUMBUS, (Ga.) June 13, 1838.

W. T. PORTER, ESQR.—SIR,—I will not disguise the feeling of gratification which I experienced on noticing so prompt an answer to my communication on the subject of a Shooting Sweepstake; and I am now perfectly confident of the success of the project, knowing that Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, as well as many other cities in the Union not yet heard from, were never found wanting in any matter where sectional pride and feeling were involved.

I am surprised that your correspondent "*Snooks*" should contend that the amount of entrance proposed is too large. I cannot think with him, and I will give my reasons. It will not be denied that a heavy amount of entrance would be required to induce gentlemen to enter whose residence might chance to be from 500 to 2000 miles distant from New York; and should we embrace Europe, from whence we may confidently anticipate entries, provided the affair is got up respectably, and confided solely to the management of gentlemen—then shooters would have to travel from 3 to 4000 miles, and this they could not be expected to do unless the amount to be gained was of great magnitude; besides, some gentlemen not disposed to risk as much as $1000 for $100,000, could get as many of their friends to join them as they might please, and divide the profits in case of either winning.

From my knowledge upon this subject, I conceive it but a fair supposition that there are more spirited sportsmen with the gun in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and their vicinities, than there are horse racers in America; and it is no unusual thing amongst the latter class of gentlemen to get up sweepstakes for an entrance of from $500 to $1000. In fact, it would, I think, be impracticable to get up a sweepstake of the sort with an entrance of only $100; even gentlemen who are fond of shooting, and who would be strongly disposed to go into a match of the kind, would not feel inclined to leave home, and be absent from their business &c. for perhaps two months, or more, when the entire amount of stakes, should they win, would not much exceed, if at all, the amount of their necessary expenses.

"Snooks" proposes that the distance should be 25 yards from the trap, and that the quantity of shot should be 1¼ oz, and all of the same size. To this plan I have partial objections, and will offer my reasons. With regard to the distance, I wil not stop to raise an objection, although it strikes me that it would be but fair and right to leave that point to be decided by ballot—20 or 25 yards, the two ordinary distances, being proposed. I must, however, enter my protest against confining a man to 1¼ oz of shot, or to a certain size; this I think would be highly improper, first, because my gun might require over 1½ oz. of shot to shoot at all, or at least, such might be my opinion; secondly, it might shoot coarse shot better than fine, or *vice versa*. I would, however, suggest that no man be permitted to shoot with a gun the barrel of which would chamber a ten cent piece, or in other words, that is over three-fourths of an inch calibre. When I once belonged to a club, such was the rule adopted and adhered to, and as far as I know, the rule of all other clubs.

As I previously remarked, there is no doubt on my mind that this great shooting match will be got up, and I am truly rejoiced, inasmuch as when at first I harbored the idea, my mind often misgave me, and it was not without a great struggle that I "screw'd my courage up to the sticking point" sufficiently to address you on the subject.

One or two small suggestions and I am done. In case of a large entry, I would hint the propriety of dividing the purse, as follows:—Give to the second best shot one-tenth, and to the third one-twentieth, provided the first does not beat the second five birds in fifty (should that be the number of birds thought most suitable), in which event the first to take the whole amount of stakes, the field being considered *distanced*. I would further suggest the propriety of allowing each man to take as many chances as he pleases at the beginning, but no person to shoot or buy another's chance after the match has commenced. Should the books be opened, of which I conceive there can be no doubt, I will try to send on eight or ten entries, two thirds of whom never shot at a pigeon in all their lives!

The spirit manifested by your correspondent "Snooks" argues most favorably for the match, and leads me in fond anticipation already to sketch the gay, the lively, the gorgeous, the immense scene which the great empire city and its environs would display on such an occasion. Yours, &c., CHATTAHOOCHEE.

THE WAVE AND THE BOSTON YACHTS.

BOSTON, June 20th, 1838.

Mr. Porter,—Your paper of the 16th contains some very flattering remarks in regard to the yacht *Wave*, lately sold to the Government.

Is this the same vessel that visited our waters two or three years since? If so, your opinion of her as a fine specimen of naval architecture is very much at variance with that entertained of her here. The craft that came here was about 100 tons—of great beam—heavily span'd—rather flat, but with a centre board, which when dropped, gave her a draft of about 15 feet. She had tanks in each wing, and so arranged that the one on the weather side could be kept full, while the other was empty. With these extras, and a rail road running fore and aft to regulate her ballast as she changed her position to the wind, it was obvious that in a smooth sea she would sail very fast, and the fact has never been questioned. The Packets that run between this and the tide harbors at Cape Cod are very fast, and have, like the Wave, centre boards. Some of them are swift, but the largest and quickest that can be picked from the whole raft, dares not shew her gilded nose in our Light House Channel in a heavy North-easter, when our dullest pilot boat of one third her size will work out with ease. The vessel of 40 tons that can sail respectably in light wind, and perform in hard weather what cannot be done at all by one of 100 tons of different model, is the boat that claims to come nearest to "a fine specimen of naval architecture." The writer is confident that centre boards, tanks, and rail roads in boats are things calculated to do away with the science of modelling, and he would as soon trot his nag against a donkey, giving the donkey the use of a locomotive, as he would go against one of these mongrel fair-weather machines. For the correctness of his impressions the writer appeals to any of your correspondents conversant with "things nautical."

Yours, &c. SAM SEADRIFT.

A subsequent and private letter from our correspondent contains the paragraphs annexed:—

While the *Wave* was Mr. STEVENS' pet, I would not have made the suggestions regarding her that can now be very properly expressed. I hope the "out-and-outer" will be a different sort of an affair, and worthy of her princely owner.

Our private boats consist of the "*Breeze*" (Boston built, 35 tons), "*Dream*" (New York built, about 30 tons), "*Mermaid*" (Boston, 12 tons), and "*Raven*" (12 tons). The small ones run the others hard in going to windward. The last named boat used up the Dream handsomely a few weeks since, beating her more than one mile in seven, on a wind.

When any trial is had worth naming you may hear from me, as so of the doings of our *Row Boats*, if they ever do any thing worth the telling, which is doubted by Your friend, SAM SEADRIFT.

Note by the Editor.—The "Wave" is the yacht referred to as having visited Boston two or three years since, and we presume it has escaped the recollection of our correspondent of that ilk that she had the audacity on that occasion to "beat into fits" Mr. CUSHING's celebrated *Sylph*, the crack yacht of that city. On looking over our files, we find that in August, 1835, off Nantucket shoals, she beat the Sylph "out of sight in every position attempted," according to the Boston papers, who spoke of her in the most flattering terms. Five days afterwards the two "cracks" had a second match near New Bedford, the race being from Holmes' Hole to Tarpaulin Cove, a distance of twelve miles. The New Bedford Gazette, in speaking of it, says:—"We are informed by an eye witness that the New York boat beat the Bostonian as 6 to 1. It is not so clever to have the Knickerbockers come in here and throw us so far in the shade. Albeit—JOHN C. STEVENS aside—we defy them!"

The Wave registers 93½ tons. She is now taking in her armament and stores, under the direction of Lieut. MCLAUGHLIN. She has a splendid brass nine-pounder mounted amidships, and two smaller guns. She is to be manned by 40 men, and stationed on the Florida coast. It is the universal opinion of the naval officers who have visited her, that a finer specimen of naval architecture is not afloat, the opinion of our correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding; and they further entertain the belief that Mr. STEVENS' models will be purchased by Government. He is now receiving estimates from our ship builders for a regular "out and outer," and in the meantime we shall be happy to number our nautical friend "SAM SEADRIFT" among our correspondents.

BANTER TO THE NEW YORK BOAT CLUBS.

We find the annexed communication in the Boston Morning Herald of the 13th inst. The writer does not appear to be aware that the Club Boats belonging to the New York Association are deterred from making matches for money or any other prize by an express article in their Constitution. The "Member of the Georgia Club" whose challenge is subjoined, does not demonstrate therein the possession, to an unusual degree, of "that fine sense which men of honor pride themselves upon," notwithstanding his gratuitous and vulgar fling at the Members of the N. Y. Association:—

Messrs. Editors,—Some time since, while at the South, I observed a notice in your paper concerning a boat race which took place at Savannah, Ga. between a northern plank boat and southern canoe. The statement made at that time being essentially wrong, and calculated to substantiate the *false idea* of the invincibility of the New York boats, has caused me to ask room for the following true statement of the case:—The two boats were the Lizard (canoe) and Star (plank) four oars each—length about 28 feet six inches—distance run, 1 mile—purse $500, and boat against boat. The Lizard came out 35 yards ahead. The Star was built in New York by the celebrated builders of that city, expressly to *beat* the Lizard, which was then up against any four oared boat of the same length. The instructions to the builders of the Star were to make a boat to beat the Lizard, and neither expense nor trouble was spared to make her a first rate four oared boat, and so positive and confident were the builders that they agreed that the Star should cost the club *nothing* in case she should *accidentally* be beaten.

The Lizard was built by a gentleman residing in Camden county, Ga. and a member of the Georgia Aquatic Club. The bombast style of a banter issued by a New York club, some two years since, induced the members of the Georgia club to challenge the New Yorkers for a trial of the relative speed of the plank and canoe boats. Knowing it would be too expensive and *unjust* for one of the clubs to be obliged to remove their boat the entire distance to the waters of the other club, it was proposed to run off Savannah for the sum of $10,000, not so much for absolute gain as an equivalent for the trouble, necessary expense, &c. of the race.

While at the North last summer, I conversed with some of the officers of the New York club respecting the challenge, and they gave, as a reason for not accepting, that the southern boat was pulled by negroes and that they were gentlemen. I then distinctly stated that the southern boat would be manned by gentlemen, fully equal to them in birth, wealth, or any other point they might choose to enumerate. They did not accept the challenge, nor did they treat it in such a manner as to lead any one (but themselves) to think or believe that in their expression of *gentlemen* 'twas anything but a name. I am now authorised to make up a race to come off at Norfolk or Baltimore, between a two, four, or six oared canoe, against any plank boat of the same length of the accepted canoe, the amount of the challenge to be enough to satisfy any of those fastidious *gentlemen* of the New York Clubs. Yours, &c.

A MEMBER OF THE GEORGIA CLUB.

PURCHASERS OF IMPORTED STOCK AT CHARLESTON.

To the Ed. of the Spirit of the Times. DOCKON ST. JOHN'S (Berkley, S. C.) June 1, 1838.

SIR,—In noticing the sales of Blood Stock imported from Liverpool, per the China, to Charleston, in your paper of 28th April last, you say "a slip from the Courier Office furnishes us with the prices but not the address of the purchasers, which we should have preferred." So far as I can supply the information I now do so.

1. *Prima*, b. m., by Priam, out of Dahlia, in foal to Discount; Mr. CHARLES MCBETH, Charleston She has slipped a b. c., and been sent to the imported Emancipation.

2. B. m. by Filho da Puta, out of Zephyrina, in foal to Discount; Mr. JAMES FERGUSON, St. John's (Berkley). She proves not to be in foal, has been sent to and covered by Imp. Emancipation.

3. *Frances*, br. m., by Emilius, in foal to Birdcatcher; Dr. EDW. NORTH, jun., Charleston. On the 6th of May last she foaled a b. f., and will be put in a day or two to Tarquin, by Henry, out of Ostrich (dam of Decatur and Suffolk), by Eclipse.

4. B. m. by Memnon, out of Eleanor; Mr. J. SMITH RHETT, Charleston. Sent to Imp Emancipation.

5. *Lady Sheffield*, ch. m., by Recovery, out of Primrose; GOV. BUTLER, Columbia. Sent to Imp. Emancipation

6. B. m by Emancipation, out of Sligo (†). in foal to Discount; Mr GEO. W. BROWN, late of Nicholasville, Ky., now of Charleston. He takes her this week to Kentucky, and if she prove not in foal, will train her for the Fall Races. She ought to have been described a b. f., as she is but 3 yrs. o'd. and not out of Sligo, but her dam by Sligo, out of Zarine. Very respectfully, I have the honor

To be your subscriber and ob't serv't, J. F.

June 30.

ST. FRANCISVILLE (La

In this paper of the 19th of May last, we ing from one of our special correspondent HARALSON, the Secretary, his official rep races that took place previous to the regula agree as to time and other important particu to give Mr. Haralson's report entire, though not alluded to by our correspondent:—

The Spring meeting for the year 1838 ove day, the 2d day of May. On the day prec the Club was held for the election of Office ISAAC JOHNSON was elected President, Maj JACOB FISHER, Esq. Treasurer, and A. HA

The weights established by the Constitut 86 lbs. for 3 yr. olds, 100 lbs. for 4 yr. olds yr. olds, and 124 lbs. for aged horses, with and geldings.

A long and continued drought immediate had excited fearful apprehensions in many of inclement weather, while in the mean every part of the Union, we were given figure and in brilliant style at the Courses was represented by those who were pres tractive; but the zest and relish for the termination of the scene. An excitement to carry with it, to a turfman, the same so thole; unless I am much mistaken, I saw acquaintances on their return, very strong From New Orleans the majority of owne journed to this place, and for a week prec nected with the establishment (for the firs

On the Saturday preceding the Wednes stakes, of a single dash of a mile, was ru 2 yrs. old, by Leviathan, out of Parasol, by 3 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of ——, and M old, by Dungannon, dam by Tiger, full si

SATURDAY, April 28—Sweepstakes of 3 s
A. Haralson's ch. f. *Delphine*, pedigree above
Dr. Smith's b. c. *Cascade*, " "
Col. Smith's s f. *Lavinia*, " " Time

The track was deep and dusty from co close. The heat was won by Delphine, race Delphine and Cascade carried the w a 3 yr. old.

On the succeeding Monday a match fo tween Mr. C. C. S. FARRAR's gr. h. *Un* known, and Capt. ROBT. BARROW's s. h dam unknown.

MONDAY, April 30—Match, $1000 a-side,
Mr. Farrar's gr. c. *Uncas*, pedigree above, 4
Capt. Barrow's s. c. *Tom Jones*, pedigree ab Time of 1

This match, having been some time o tion and hazard. Each horse had his ba contest produced proved that the exhaus tors had been replenished for the occasi taken, but no odds given.

At the appointed time the horses wer the consent of the trainers, and, as it wa mand of the Judges. The contest was when Uncas began gradually to wide Jones coming out some three lengths the flag-stand for the purpose of arrestin but in this instance no signal was given called, and the truth is, and was, that the for the heat. After it was run, it was not count as a heat, because the word but the objection was not insisted on at cision of the Judges. At the expiratio horses were again called up, and went being severe as before to half way of off without much of a struggle, and ca over, and the scene closed, as nine-tent proceeding to call on the stake-holders of the moment was relieved by a clam while the crowd treated the opposition had witnessed the race, and had bet u without hesitation; but the matter w particularly by the trainer of Tom Jon point *nolens volens*. They did decide whereupon they were told by the said stakes, had bet considerable sums which he had contrived to become the swerable for the correctness of that o the ground. The threat of holding th by the trainer caused them to enterta backed and supported by agreements one else, finally prevailed, and accord the one to surrender up the stakes, a was bland and dulcet and complying back the money and the horse, and were again started, which resulted in yards, and the crowd determined th and without reference to the decision

In this affair I confine myself sim duty to the public, I feel myself con race course purporting to be govern the St. Francisville Turf, under a h again render it necessary. I only f be better understood than explained

On the next day, Tuesday, a Sw tween Maj. WM. R. BARROW's EC TIER's b. f. by Whalebone, out of

[On Wednesday, 2d May, co which has heretofore been publish to the entries on the Four mile da

THURSDAY, May 3—Purse $1000, en 4, 103—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 12 heats.
Dr. Ira Smith's (J. G. Boswell's) ch John, 4 yrs.....
Maj. Wm. R. Barrow's br. c. *Pressur*
Willis n, 4 yrs.....
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. *Louisian s* nian, 4 yrs.....

It was understood previously th solve itself into a contest betwee performance of each warranted s who had witnessed their respec backers and staunch supporters; had created an all-absorbing inter horse was a Kentucky crack, an sent trainer of Josh Bell, had tr not more than eight months befo doubt truly, that he knew nothi animals, never having once give training. He seemed to think,

ST. FRANCISVILLE (La.) SPRING RACES.

In this paper of the 19th of May last, we published a report of the Spring meeting from one of our special correspondents. We have just received from Mr. HARALSON, the Secretary, his official report, together with a report of several races that took place previous to the regular Club meeting. As the two reports agree as to time and other important particulars, we have not thought it necessary to give Mr. Haralson's report entire, though we gladly make room for several items not alluded to by our correspondent:—

The Spring meeting for the year 1838 over this course commenced on Wednesday, the 2d day of May. On the day preceding that of the races, a meeting of the Club was held for the election of Officers to serve the ensuing year.—Gen. ISAAC JOHNSON was elected President, Maj. ALBERT G. HOWELL, Vice President, JACOB FISHER, Esq. Treasurer, and A. HARALSON, Esq. the Secretary of the Club.

The weights established by the Constitution of the Club are 70 lbs. for 2 yr. olds, 86 lbs. for 3 yr. olds, 100 lbs. for 4 yr. olds, 110 lbs. for 5 yr. olds, 118 lbs. for 6 yr. olds, and 124 lbs. for aged horses, with the deduction of 3 lbs. in favor of mares and geldings.

A long and continued drought immediately preceding the time fixed for the races, had excited fearful apprehensions in many that they would be ushered in by a spell of inclement weather, while in the meantime a congress of turfites from almost every part of the Union, we were given to understand, were going it on a high figure and in brilliant style at the Courses in New Orleans. The sport in the city was represented by those who were present to have been not only good, but attractive; but the zest and relish for the amusement was lost to many before the termination of the scene. An excitement of three weeks upon a race course ought to carry with it, to a turfman, the same sort of satiety that a carnival does to a Catholic; unless I am much mistaken, I saw upon the countenances of many of my acquaintances on their return, very strong evidences of a subdued tone of feeling. From New Orleans the majority of owners, trainers, and grooms of horses adjourned to this place, and for a week preceding the day of races, every stable connected with the establishment (for the first time) was in requisition.

On the Saturday preceding the Wednesday of the Jockey Club races, a Sweepstakes, of a single dash of a mile, was run by Col. ROBERT SMITH's s. f. *Lavinia*, 2 yrs. old, by Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, Dr. IRA SMITH's b. c. *Cascade*, 3 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of ——, and Mr. A. HARALSON's ch. f. *Delphine*, 3 yrs. old, by Dungannon, dam by Tiger, full sister to Scarlet.

SATURDAY, April 28—Sweepstakes of 3 subs. at $—— each. One mile.

A. Haralson's ch. f. *Delphine*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 97lbs. (14lbs. extra)		1
Dr. Smith's b. c. *Cascade*, " " 3 yrs. 100lbs (14lbs. extra)		2
Col. Smith's s. f. *Lavinia*, " " 2 yrs. 83lbs. (13lbs. extra)		3

Time, 1.55.

The track was deep and dusty from continued harrowing, and the day warm and close. The heat was won by Delphine, with something to spare, in 1:55. In this race Delphine and Cascade carried the weights of a 4 yr. old, and Lavinia that of a 3 yr. old.

On the succeeding Monday a match for $1000 a-side, Mile heats, came off between Mr. C. C. S. FARRAR's gr. h. *Uncas*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Richard, dam unknown, and Capt. ROBT. BARROW's s. h. *Tom Jones*, 3 yrs. old, by Bob Oakley, dam unknown.

MONDAY, April 30—Match, $1000 a-side, Mile heats.

Mr. Farrar's gr. c. *Uncas*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	1	1
Capt. Barrow's s. c. *Tom Jones*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 86lbs	2	2	2

Time of 1st heat, 1.54.

This match, having been some time on the tapis, had opened a field for speculation and hazard. Each horse had his backers, and the display of rhino which the contest produced proved that the exhausted exchequers of some of the city visitors had been replenished for the occasion; bets were freely offered and as freely taken, but no odds given.

At the appointed time the horses were brought to the stand and turned loose by the consent of the trainers, and, as it was understood by every one, at the command of the Judges. The contest was spirited and doubtful for the first half mile, when Uncas began gradually to widen the gap; he won the heat in 1:58, Tom Jones coming out some three lengths behind. There was an Officer placed in the flag-stand for the purpose of arresting horses in case of false or improper starts, but in this instance no signal was given by the chief Judges to have the horses recalled, and the truth is, and was, that the sorrel horse contested every inch of ground for the heat. After it was run, it was observed by some one or two that it should not count as a heat, because the word "*Go*" was not pronounced by the Judges; but the objection was not insisted on at the time, nor then made a point for the decision of the Judges. At the expiration of the time allowed between heats, the horses were again called up, and went away at the tap of the drum, the contest being severe as before to half way of the back-stretch, when the grey again led off without much of a struggle, and came in some 30 feet ahead. The race being over, and the scene closed, as nine-tenths of the crowd supposed, the betters were proceeding to call on the stake-holders for their money, when the quiet monotony of the moment was relieved by a clamor against the fairness of the race. For a while the crowd treated the opposition with contempt and ridicule. Many who had witnessed the race, and had bet upon the sorrel horse, paid over their money without hesitation; but the matter was so strenuously urged upon the Judges, particularly by the trainer of Tom Jones, that they were compelled to decide the point *nolens volens*. They did decide that the grey horse had won the money, whereupon they were told by the said trainer, who, besides being interested in the stakes, had bet considerable sums of money through the agency of another, of which he had contrived to become the stake-holder, that he should hold them answerable for the correctness of that opinion. In the meantime the stakes had left the ground. The threat of holding the Judges accountable for the money made by the trainer caused them to entertain a motion for a re-hearing, which motion, backed and supported by agreements better understood by the Judges than any one else, finally prevailed, and accordingly, Mr. Farrar and his horse were sent for, the one to surrender up the stakes, and the other to run another heat. Mr. Farrar was bland and dulcet and complying enough to do as he was ordered. He brought back the money and the horse, and putting up the money in stakes, the two horses were again started, which resulted in the grey beating the sorrel by some 40 or 50 yards, and the crowd determined that the grey horse had won it by acclamation, and without reference to the decision of the Judges.

In this affair I confine myself simply to a statement of facts. From a sense of duty to the public, I feel myself constrained to give publicity to a transaction on a race course purporting to be governed by such rules and regulations as we have on the St. Francisville Turf, under a hope that a repetition of such scenes may never again render it necessary. I only forbear mentioning names for reasons which can be better understood than explained.

On the next day, Tuesday, a Sweepstakes of $1000 entrance was to be run between Maj. WM. R. BARROW's Eclipse filly, 3 yrs. old, and Mr. FERGUS DUPLANTIER's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Polly Powell. The Eclipse filly paid forfeit.

[On Wednesday, 2d May, commenced the regular Club meeting, a full report of which has heretofore been published. We give an extract, however, in relation to the entries on the Four mile day]:—

THURSDAY, May 3—Purse $1000, ent. $100; free for all ages; 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Dr. Ira Smith's (J. G. Boswell's) ch. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs	1 1
Maj. Wm. R. Barrow's br. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William, 4 yrs	2 dr
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. *Louisiana*, by Whalebone, out of Polly Powell by Virginian, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 8:38.

It was understood previously that the running on the Four mile day would resolve itself into a contest between Josh Bell and Pressure. The character and performance of each warranted sanguine hopes and high expectations among those who had witnessed their respective efforts; each animal, therefore, had strong backers and staunch supporters; in fact, the struggle between these two animals had created an all-absorbing interest with those who frequented the Turf. Each horse was a Kentucky crack, and it and so happened that Mr. TISDALE, the present trainer of Josh Bell, had trained them both in the same stable in Kentucky not more than eight months before; yet he averred and protested, and I have no doubt truly, that he knew nothing of the relative speed and bottom of the two animals, never having once given them a trial run together while he had them in training. He seemed to think, and expressed it as his opinion, that the chances for victory would depend on the worse or better condition, comparatively, of either animal. This doubt and uncertainty of opinion, coming from [illegible] source it did, cast all the fascination of romance on the scene, and added much to the "glorious uncertainty" of the pending contest.

Within a few minutes after 12 the horses and jockeys made their appearance at the stand. When uncovered, it was evident to the most unpractised eye in such matters that there was the greatest difference in the order of the two animals: Josh Bell, if not in very superior condition, was firm, lively, and apparently braced for the contest; while Pressure was entirely amiss, showing the relaxation of his system in his countenance, by his action, and *other certain evidences*, never to be mistaken by a turfman. Until the horses were uncovered, the bets were two to one in favor of Pressure against the field; but so decided was the impression made on the crowd after he was stripped, that the betting suddenly changed in favor of Josh Bell against the field.

At the tap of the drum they got off well together, Josh Bell having the track, Pressure in the centre, and Duplantier's filly on the outside. As often as I had seen Josh Bell, and as much as I had heard of his running, I had never witnessed his action before; it was so elastic and superior, that I was satisfied in his run of the first hundred yards what would be the issue of the contest.

Josh Bell is a horse 15½ hands high, of good muzzle, fine bony head, capacious throttle, rising finely on the withers, presenting in their slope towards the point of the shoulders the angle of racing power, with great length of body. To this racing form and qualities, however, he makes but a slender display of muscle. He is remarkably cat-hammed, and the size and length of his hock in its lever form may give him that wonderful stride for which he is so remarkable; his stride is never less than 24 feet, and at every jump he seems to bring his feet into the circumference of a water-bucket. If he be, as many suppose, a dead game horse, his equal cannot be found in the Southern country; but on the other hand, if only indebted to his heels for his victories, he will remain a successful courser until the weights of the Turf shall tell against his efforts.

Pressure is a beautiful blood bay, not quite 15 hands high, put up in the pony order,—short and compact, with indications of superior power and activity. He is what may very properly be termed a big little horse, with bone not sufficiently marked as to size, but a striking and powerful development of muscle. Nine men in ten, experienced on the Turf, would by looking at him take him for a quarter-horse; he wants length and proportion in all those parts which characterise and distinguish the distance courser from horses of mere speed and fleetness. There seems to be but little doubt that he is a superior race horse when in order and condition, but he is evidently an anomaly in the class in which he may be ranked, and as an anomaly I might say he is to be regarded more as a specimen of curiosity than utility.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

Commenced over the *Oakland Course*, on the 5th instant, under very auspicious circumstances, the track being fine and the weather delightful. The attendance of turfmen from distant sections of Kentucky and the neighboring States, gave a high tone to the meeting, and the citizens of Louisville, of both sexes, turned out *en masse*, imparting increased interest to the manly and enlivening sports. Col. OLIVER's improvements upon the Course have before been spoken of in high terms, and we have only to remark here, that they afforded general satisfaction. The Officers of the Club (given in this paper of the 9th instant) comprise some of the most intelligent and influential citizens of the State, and their arrangements for the enjoyment of their visitors and friends, is a theme of universal praise.

The Weights carried are the Virginia scale; the Distances are as follows:—Mile heats, 60 yards—2, 100—3, 130—4, 150—mile heats, best 3 in 5, 80 yards. The Time allowed between heats is the same as that adopted by the Maryland Jockey Club. Our special correspondent furnishes the annexed report:—

TUESDAY, June 5, 1838.—Breeder's Plate, value $100, given by the Proprietor, for 3 year olds (colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.) that never started in public. No subscription required, and the Plate to be given annually. Nominations to be made as in a Sweepstakes, the stake closing on 1st May. Nine entries. Mile heats.

M. McCumpsey's b. f. *Esther Cooper*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy	2	1	1
Woods S. Miller's ch. f. *Minerva Miller*, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko	1	2	2
Benj. Maloney's b. c. *Collin*, by Imp. Zilcadi, dam unknown	dist.		

Time, 1:51—1:51—1:59.

There were nine entries, but only the above made their appearance at the post. At the start they all got off well, Collin taking the lead, but was instantly challenged by Minerva, who gave him the "go-by," with Esther trailing close after. They kept in this order throughout, Minerva winning with much apparent ease.

2d heat.—Minerva went off with the lead; Esther made play from the start, and collared her adversary, when a beautiful contest ensued, neck and neck, until they turned the corner of the last quarter, when Esther succeeded in shaking her off, and came in ahead about a length.

3d heat.—Esther took the lead, and maintained it without a struggle, and won the heat by three lengths, and something to spare.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Five subs. at $100 each, h ft. Mile heats.

M. McCumpsey's b. f. *Josephine*, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland	1	1
Woods S. Miller's b. f. *Miss Molly*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson	2	2

Time, 1:51—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, June 6—The Oakland Plate, a Tea Service of Silver, value $500, ent $62.50; free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

M. R. Tarlton's b. c. *Conflict*, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	1	
Chas. Buford's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Moses, 3 yrs	5	2	
M. W. Dickey's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker—Ophelia by Wild Medley, 3 y.	2	3	
A. C. Antill's (W. S. Miller's) ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, d. by Sea Serpent, 4 y.	3	dist.	
Col. Wm. Buford's c. f. *Medoca*, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 3 yrs	4	dist.	
Robt. Burbridge's ch. f. *Jemima*, by Woodpecker, d. by Sir William of Transport, 4 y	6	dist	
Samuel Underwood & Co.'s ch. c. *Sultan*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	dist.		
B. S. Creel's br. f. *Waxetta*, by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 3:55—3:51.

The track to-day was rather heavy, occasioned by rain the night previous. The attendance was numerous, both of ladies and gentlemen. Medoca was the favorite against the field. Conflict led off, and went away briskly, Harpalyce 2d, Grey Eagle 3d, Medoca 4th, and the rest all together. They continued in this order for about a mile and a quarter, when Grey Eagle began to show a desire to do something for the honor of Woodpecker, and giving Harpalyce the "go-by," made an attempt to reach Conflict, but it wouldn't fit "nolow." Conflict beat him by about two lengths, and distanced Sultan and Waxetta. Immediately after the heat Mr. WALKER THURSTON purchased Conflict for $2,000.

2d heat.—Conflict went off with the lead, Harpalyce, as before, 2d, Grey Eagle 3d, the Bertrand filly 4th, Medoca 5th, and Jemima 6th. They maintained their relative positions for the first mile and a half, when the Bertrand filly came up, and succeeded in passing Harpalyce, and then challenged the Grey at the entrance of the quarter stretch, when a severe rally ensued betwen the two, both receiving whip and spur. The filly, however, gained her point, and succeeded in placing herself 2 l, Conflict winning the heat by about a length.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match $300 a-side, catch weights, Mile heats.

Richard Buckley's b. f. by Rattler, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs	1	1
J. P. Smith's bl. f. *Diana Crone*, by Marc. Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 3 yrs.	2	2

Time, 1st heat not kept—2d, 1:57.

THURSDAY, June 7—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $50; (with an inside stake of $100, between *Mary Vaughan, Mary Serene, Tom Benton*, and *Queen Mary*); free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

R. B. Tarlton's ch. f. *Queen Mary* by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs	1	1
D. Stockton's ch. g. *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, 6 yrs	3	2
R. L. Webb's (J. Lindsay's) b. f. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs	4	3
Wm. S. Ward's b. f. *Mary Vaughan* by Waxy—Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 y.	2	4
Robt. Burbridge's ch. f. *Mary Serene*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs	dist.	
Sidney Burbridge's br. c. *Tom Benton*, by Bertrand, out of Maria by Hamiltonian, 3 y	dist.	

Time, 5:51—5:54.

The concourse of people to-day on the course was immense, and the weather delightful. Queen Mary was the favorite. Considerable difficulty ensued in getting away fairly, owing to the anxiety of the riders to gain a length or two at the go-off. At length the drum being tapped, they all had a pretty good start, except Queen Mary, who was left upwards of 30 yards in the rear. Mary Serene made running to the turn, where she was headed by Mary Vaughan, followed by West Florida; here a very exciting contest ensued between the two latter: Mary Serene retired in the rear, and Tom Benton came up and took her place, Crowder and Queen Mary trailing behind. In this way they went along steadily for a mile and a half, when West Florida's saddle slipped upon her neck, but her rider kept his hold admirably, although the accident evidently much impeded her progress. Tom Benton hereupon went up and challenged Mary Vaughan; a short rally took place, when unfortunately Tom's saddle also slipped, and he began to flag, and soon fell back. Queen Mary now began to let out, and before they turned the 1st corner of the 3d [illegible] more positiv[illegible] Vaughan (w[illegible] down the quart[illegible] it is but justice to [illegible]

2d heat.—The be[illegible] the lead, closely follow[illegible] they were all together, [illegible] them, and came out of the [illegible] lared her, when a severe rally [illegible] back-stretch of the 3d mile, whe[illegible] now made play—challenged Florid[illegible] position until they turned the last q[illegible] a brush at him, and succeded in reach[illegible] place, which resulted in Queen Mary winn[illegible]

FRIDAY, June 8—Jockey Club Purse $1000, e[illegible] fore. Four mile heats.

Jas. K. Duke's b. h. *Keph*, by Hephestion, dam by [illegible]			
Sidney Burbridge's b. h. *Dick Johnson*, by Bertrand, [illegible]			
A. Cunningham's b. c. *Conflict*, pedigree before, 4 yrs.			
Thos. G. Moore's br. m. *Corinna*, by Trumpator, dam by [illegible]			
Col. Wm. Buford's ch. c. *Sthreshley*, by Medoc, dam by P[illegible]			
W. T. Ward's b. h. *Robert Burns*, by Kosciusko, out of Bet[illegible]			
G. W. Tarlton's gr. h. *Henry Harrison*, by Trumpator, dam b[illegible]			

Time, 8:12—8:02—8:27.

A brilliant sun and cloudless sky, in addition to the oth[illegible] the course a greater concourse than any preceding day, presen[illegible] of equipages and well-dressed persons all apparently in the high[illegible] spectacle on the stand was splendid and animating beyond descript[illegible] calculation as to their number at defiance. This race excited considera[illegible] Conflict was the favorite at 100 to 40 against the field. From so large [illegible] it might have been expected, there were one or two false starts. At last t[illegible] off in fine style, Sthreshley taking the lead, and after running a few yards, Co[illegible] passed him, with Keph close after, and the rest in the rear. They continued in t[illegible] order for three miles, when Corinna began to push forward, and after a smar[illegible] brush on the back-stretch, succeeded in collaring Conflict, when a desperate contest ensued, which ended in Conflict winning the heat by about half a length, all the rest, dropping in within the distance, were not placed.

2d heat.—Conflict the favorite against the field.—Sthreshley, as before, went off with the lead, but before he had made the first turn Conflict had turned his back upon him. Keph now began to quicken his pace, and soon placed himself 2d, Corinna 3d, Dick Johnson 4th, and the rest trailing behind. They thus continued for the 1st mile, when an exciting contest took place between Conflict and Keph, neck and neck, which lasted until they turned the quarter-stretch of the 3d mile, when Keph shook him off, reversed their positions, with Dick Johnson 3d, Corinna 4th. They kept in this order throughout the heat, Keph winning by about a length, Conflict 2d, Dick Johnson 3d, all the rest distanced.

3d heat.—Keph led off, and went away at a steady rate, Dick Johnson 2d, and Conflict behind all, under a heavy pull. There was no change in their positions for the first mile and a half, when Dick Johnson made a dash at Keph, but it would'nt answer. Conflict now made an attempt to push forward, but got his labor for his pains, Keph still holding the lead. At the last quarter of the 4th mile Dick made another brush, and collared him; a severe contest took place between them, when Keph came in ahead by about half a length only.

SATURDAY, June 9—Purse $250, ent. $25; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. Cunningham's ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc—Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1	1	1
Chas. Buford's ch. f. by Medoc, out of Butterfly by Sumpter, 3 yrs	2	3	2
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, d. by Whipster, 3 y	5	2	3
Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 4 yrs	4	6	4
Wm. Buford, jun.'s b. c. *Brandy*, by Abalramar, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs	3	4	5
W. T. Ward's br. h. *Coriolanus*, by Waxy, dam by Whip, 6 yrs	6	5	6

Time, 1:48¼—1:48¼—1:48¼.

Another delightful day; the attendance, however, was not so numerous. Maria Duke and Willina Herndon were the favorites. At the start Maria went off with the lead, and was never headed.

2d heat.—Brandy led off, but was soon overtaken and passed by Willina, who sustained her position until they turned the corner of the last quarter, when Maria came up and collared her. The contest was more exciting coming home: it was difficult to distinguish which was ahead. Maria, however, won by about half a length.

3d heat.—Coriolanus took the lead, with Willina at his heels, who soon gave him the go-by. Sidney Burbridge's colt came up and made a brush at Willina and passed her, closely followed by Maria, and after a pretty severe rally, she succeeded in passing, and won the heat by about a length.

COLUMBUS (Miss.) SPRING RACES.

Friend P.—I herewith send you a report of our Spring races, which commenced on the 7th May, and continued six days.

MONDAY, May 7, 1838.—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; catch weights. Four subs. at $100 each. Mile heats.

David Myers' ch. f. by Sir Charles dam omitted, 4 yrs	1	1
H. L. French's ch. f. *Lorinda*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	2	2
Simon Cockerell's ch. h. by Bertrand, dam omitted, 6 yrs	3	3
F. R. Gregory's b. m. by Gohanna, " " 5 yrs	4	4

Time, 1:52—1:51.

TUESDAY, May 8—Jockey Club Purse $300 ent. $25; free for all ages; 2 year olds a feather—3 yrs. to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 126lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

W. A. Verell's b. f. *Elvira*, by Star dam by Alfred, 4 yrs	1	
H. L. French's b. c. *Rosin the Bow*, by Bertrand, dam by Robin Grey, 4 yrs	2	dr
Dr. G. B. Saunders' gr. f. by Mohawk, dam by Peacemaker, 4 yrs	dis.	

Time, 3:56. Won easily.

WEDNESDAY, May 9—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent $30; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

H. L. French's br. m. *Meselina*, by Archie of Transport, dam by Black-and-all-Black, 5 yrs	1	1
F. R. Gregory's (Wm. D. Amis') gr. m. *Ann Eliza*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 5:05—6:10.

THURSDAY, May 10—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent $50; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

W. A. Verell's gr. g. *Bernardo*, by Pacific, dam by Young Florizel, 5 yrs	1	1
F. R. Gregory's (Wm. D. Amis') gr. h. *Sir Kenneth*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Aurora, 6 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 8:10. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, May 11—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $25; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. L. French's ch. f. *Lorinda*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	2	2	1	1
Simon Cockerell's ch. h. by Bertrand, 6 yrs	2	1	1	2	2
David Myers' ch. c. by Bertrand, 4 yrs	•	•	•	•	•
F. R. Gregory's gr. f. *Ann Eliza*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	•	•	•	•	•

Time, 1:51—1:56—1:56—1:55—1:57.

SATURDAY, May 12—Silver Pitcher, valued at $300, ent. $25, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Kirk & Heffington's ch. f. *Narcissa Parish*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs	1	1
F. R. Gregory's gr. h. *Sir Kenneth*, pedigree above, 6 yrs	2	2

Time, 6.08—6.10

W. A. VERELL, *Sec'y*.

P.S. Our track is 15 feet over a mile, and we date our age from the first of January.

The following matches also came off over the same course:—

THURSDAY, May 3—Match, for $4000. Four miles.

Wm. D. Amis' gr. h. *Sir Kenneth*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Aurora, 6 yrs	1
David Myers' ch. c. by Bertrand Jr., 4 yrs	2

Time, 8.22. Won in a gallop.

MONDAY, May 7—Match, for $3000. One mile.

W. A. Verell's bl. g. ——, aged, 95lbs	1
J. Amis' ch. g. ——, aged, 100lbs	2

Time not given.

The black won by about 3 feet, but the Judges decided against him for an alleged accidental jostle. However, I believe each party will keep their own money.

LYNCHBURG (Va.) SPRING RACES

Commenced on the 6th inst. We find in the "Virginian" the annexed report, which is probably official:—

WEDNESDAY, June 6, 1838.—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual deduction (3lbs.) to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. h. *Ely*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Columbus, 4 yrs	1	1
John Houseright's b. f. *Jane Kyle*, by Greybeard, dam by Saltram, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time not kept.

THURSDAY, June 7—Lynchburg Silver Plate, value $200; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. h. *Pioneer*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs	1	1
John Houseright's (Maj. Yancey's) b. c. by Greybeard, out of Sally Flynn by Virginian, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:03—4:08½.

FRIDAY, June 8—Jockey Club Purse $400; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. c. *Glenn Valick*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs	1	1
Isaac H. Oliver's ch. f. *Evelyn Cameron*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 4 yrs	2	2
John Houseright's s. g. by Greybeard, dam by Powhattan, 6 yrs	3	3

Time, 6:02—6:05.

At starting, Evelyn Cameron was the favorite, 2 to 1 against the field; bets freely taken at the odds; and even after the first heat $30 to $100 was offered and no takers. The backers of the Eclipse filly had great faith in the blood and bottom of her sire; but young Tonson stood up to the rack from the start, and never suffered the Eclipse to pass him, although each heat was a beautiful contest.

ST. FRANCISVILLE (La.) SPRING RACES.

In this paper of the 19th of May last, we published a report of the Spring meeting from one of our special correspondents. We have just received from Mr. HARALSON, the Secretary, his official report, together with a report of several races that took place previous to the regular Club meeting. As the two reports agree as to time and other important particulars, we have not thought it necessary to give Mr. Haralson's report entire, though we gladly make room for several items not alluded to by our correspondent:—

The Spring meeting for the year 1838 over this course commenced on Wednesday, the 2d day of May. On the day preceding that of the races, a meeting of the Club was held for the election of Officers to serve the ensuing year.—Gen. ISAAC JOHNSON was elected President, Maj. ALBERT G. HOWELL, Vice President, JACOB FISHER, Esq. Treasurer, and A. HARALSON, Esq. the Secretary of the Club.

The weights established by the Constitution of the Club are 70 lbs. for 2 yr. olds, 86 lbs. for 3 yr. olds, 100 lbs. for 4 yr. olds, 110 lbs. for 5 yr. olds, 118 lbs. for 6 yr. olds, and 124 lbs. for aged horses, with the deduction of 3 lbs. in favor of mares and geldings.

A long and continued drought immediately preceding the time fixed for the races, had excited fearful apprehensions in many that they would be ushered in by a spell of inclement weather, while in the meantime a congress of turfites from almost every part of the Union, we were given to understand, were going it on a high figure and in brilliant style at the Courses in New Orleans. The sport in the city was represented by those who were present to have been not only good, but attractive; but the zest and relish for the amusement was lost to many before the termination of the scene. An excitement of three weeks upon a race course ought to carry with it, to a turfman, the same sort of satiety that a carnival does to a Catholic; unless I am much mistaken, I saw upon the countenances of many of my acquaintances on their return, very strong evidences of a subdued tone of feeling. From New Orleans the majority of owners, trainers, and grooms of horses adjourned to this place, and for a week preceding the day of races, every stable connected with the establishment (for the first time) was in requisition.

On the Saturday preceding the Wednesday of the Jockey Club races, a Sweepstakes, of a single dash of a mile, was run by Col. ROBERT SMITH's s. f. *Lavinia*, 2 yrs. old, by Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, Dr. IRA SMITH's b. c. *Cascade*, 2 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of ——, and Mr. A. HARALSON's ch. f. *Delphine*, 3 yrs. old, by Dungannon, dam by Tiger, full sister to Scarlet.

SATURDAY, April 28—Sweepstakes of 3 subs. at $—— each. One mile.

A. Haralson's ch. f. *Delphine*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 97lbs. (14lbs. extra)		1
Dr. Smith's b. c. *Cascade*, " " 3 yrs. 100lbs (11lbs. extra)		2
Col. Smith's s. f. *Lavinia*, " " 2 yrs. 83lbs. (13lbs. extra)		3

Time, 1.55.

The track was deep and dusty from continued harrowing, and the day warm and close. The heat was won by Delphine, with something to spare, in 1.55. In this race Delphine and Cascade carried the weights of a 4 yr. old, and Lavinia that of a 3 yr. old.

On the succeeding Monday a match for $1000 a-side, Mile heats, came off between Mr. C. C. S. FARRAR's gr. h. *Uncas*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Richard, dam unknown, and Capt. ROBT. BARROW's s. h. *Tom Jones*, 3 yrs. old, by Bob Oakley, dam unknown.

MONDAY, April 30—Match, $1000 a-side, Mile heats.

Mr. Farrar's gr. c. *Uncas*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	1	1
Capt. Barrow's s. c. *Tom Jones*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 86lbs	2	2	2

Time of 1st heat, 1.58.

This match, having been some time on the tapis, had opened a field for speculation and hazard. Each horse had his backers, and the display of rhino which the contest produced proved that the exhausted exchequers of some of the city visitors had been replenished for the occasion; bets were freely offered and as freely taken, but no odds given.

At the appointed time the horses were brought to the stand and turned loose by the consent of the trainers, and, as it was understood by every one, at the command of the Judges. The contest was spirited and doubtful for the first half mile, when Uncas began gradually to widen the gap; he won the heat in 1.58, Tom Jones coming out some three lengths behind. There was an Officer placed in the flag-stand for the purpose of arresting horses in case of false or improper starts, but in this instance no signal was given by the chief Judges to have the horses recalled, and the truth is, and was, that the sorrel horse contested every inch of ground for the heat. After it was run, it was observed by some one or two that it should not count as a heat, because the word "*Go*" was not pronounced by the Judges; but the objection was not insisted on at the time, nor then made a point for the decision of the Judges. At the expiration of the time allowed between heats, the horses were again called up, and went away at the tap of the drum, the contest being severe as before to half way of the back-stretch, when the grey again led off without much of a struggle, and came in some 30 feet ahead. The race being over, and the scene closed, as nine-tenths of the crowd supposed, the betters were preceeding to call on the stake-holders for their money, when the quiet monotony of the moment was relieved by a clamor against the fairness of the race. For a while the crowd treated the opposition with contempt and ridicule. Many who had witnessed the race, and had bet upon the sorrel horse, paid over their money without hesitation; but the matter was so strenuously urged upon the Judges, particularly by the trainer of Tom Jones, that they were compelled to decide the point *nolens volens*. They did decide that the grey horse had won the money, whereupon they were told by the said trainer, who, besides being interested in the stakes, had bet considerable sums of money through the agency of another, of which he had contrived to become the stake-holder, that he should hold them answerable for the correctness of that opinion. In the meantime the stakes had left the ground. The threat of holding the Judges accountable for the money made by the trainer caused them to entertain a motion for a re-hearing, which motion, backed and supported by agreements better understood by the Judges than any one else, finally prevailed, and accordingly, Mr. Farrar and his horse were sent for, the one to surrender up the stakes, and the other to run another heat. Mr. Farrar was bland and dulcet and complying enough to do as he was ordered. He brought back the money and the horse, and putting up the money in stakes, the two horses were again started, which resulted in the grey beating the sorrel by some 40 or 50 yards, and the crowd determined that the grey horse had won it by acclamation, and without reference to the decision of the Judges.

In this affair I confine myself simply to a statement of facts. From a sense of duty to the public, I feel myself constrained to give publicity to a transaction on a race course purporting to be governed by such rules and regulations as we have on the St. Francisville Turf, under a hope that a repetition of such scenes may never again render it necessary. I only forbear mentioning names for reasons which can be better understood than explained.

On the next day, Tuesday, a Sweepstakes of $1000 entrance was to be run between Maj. WM. R. BARROW's Eclipse filly, 3 yrs. old, and Mr. FERGUS DUPLANTIER's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Polly Powell. The Eclipse filly paid forfeit.

[On Wednesday, 2d May, commenced the regular Club meeting, a full report of which has heretofore been published. We give an extract, however, in relation to the entries on the Four mile day]:—

THURSDAY, May 3—Purse $1000, ent. $100; free for all ages; 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Dr. Ira Smith's (J. G. Boswell's) ch. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs	1 1
Maj. Wm. R. Barrow's br. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William, 4 yrs	2 dr
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. *Louisiana*, by Whalebone, out of Polly Powell by Virginian, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 8:38.

It was understood previously that the running on the Four mile day would resolve itself into a contest between Josh Bell and Pressure. The character and performance of each warranted sanguine hopes and high expectations among those who had witnessed their respective efforts; each animal, therefore, had strong backers and staunch supporters; in fact, the struggle between these two animals had created an all-absorbing interest with those who frequented the Turf. Each horse was a Kentucky crack, and it did so happened that Mr. TISDALE, the present trainer of Josh Bell, had trained them both in the same stable in Kentucky not more than eight months before; yet he averred and protested, and I have no doubt truly, that he knew nothing of the relative speed and bottom of the two animals, never having once given them a trial run together while he had them in training. He seemed to think, and expressed it as his opinion, that the chances for victory would depend on the worse or better condition, comparatively, of either animal. This doubt and uncertainty of opinion, coming from the source it did, cast all the fascination of romance on the scene, and added much to the "glorious uncertainty" of the pending contest.

Within a few minutes after 12 the horses and jockeys made their appearance at the stand. When uncovered, it was evident to the most unpractised eye in such matters that there was the greatest difference in the order of the two animals: Josh Bell, if not in very superior condition, was firm, lively, and apparently braced for the contest; while Pressure was entirely amiss, showing the relaxation of his system in his countenance, by his action, and *other certain evidences*, never to be mistaken by a turfman. Until the horses were uncovered, the bets were two to one in favor of Pressure against the field; but so decided was the impression made on the crowd after he was stripped, that the betting suddenly changed in favor of Josh Bell against the field.

At the tap of the drum they got off well together, Josh Bell having the track, Pressure in the centre, and Duplantier's filly on the outside. As often as I had seen Josh Bell, and as much as I had heard of his running, I had never witnessed his action before; it was so elastic and superior, that I was satisfied in his run of the first hundred yards what would be the issue of the contest.

Josh Bell is a horse 15½ hands high, of good muzzle, fine bony head, capacious throttle, rising finely on the withers, presenting in their slope towards the point of the shoulders the angle of racing power, with great length of body. To this racing form and qualities, however, he makes but a slender display of muscle. He is remarkably cat-hammed, and the size and length of his hock in its lever form may give him that wonderful stride for which he is so remarkable; his stride is never less than 24 feet, and at every jump he seems to bring his feet into the circumference of a water-bucket. If he be, as many suppose, a dead game horse, his equal cannot be found in the Southern country; but on the other hand, if only indebted to his heels for his victories, he will remain a successful courser until the weights of the Turf shall tell against his efforts.

Pressure is a beautiful blood bay, not quite 15 hands high, put up in the pony order,—short and compact, with indications of superior power and activity. He is what may very properly be termed a big little horse, with bone not sufficiently marked as to size, but a striking and powerful development of muscle. Nine men in ten, experienced on the Turf, would by looking at him take him for a quarter-horse; he wants length and proportion in all those parts which characterise and distinguish the distance courser from horses of mere speed and fleetness. There seems to be but little doubt that he is a superior race horse when in order and condition, but he is evidently an anomaly in the class in which he may be ranked, and as an anomaly I might say he is to be regarded more as a specimen of curiosity than utility.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

Commenced over the *Oakland Course*, on the 5th instant, under very auspicious circumstances, the track being fine and the weather delightful. The attendance of turfmen from distant sections of Kentucky and the neighboring States, gave a high tone to the meeting, and the citizens of Louisville, of both sexes, turned out *en masse*, imparting increased interest to the manly and enlivening sports. Col. OLIVER's improvements upon the Course have before been spoken of in high terms, and we have only to remark here, that they afforded general satisfaction. The Officers of the Club (given in this paper of the 9th instant) comprise some of the most intelligent and influential citizens of the State, and their arrangements for the enjoyment of their visitors and friends, is a theme of universal praise.

The Weights carried are the Virginia scale; the Distances are as follows:—Mile heats, 60 yards—2, 100—3, 130—4, 150—mile heats, best 3 in 5, 80 yards. The Time allowed between heats is the same as that adopted by the Maryland Jockey Club. Our special correspondent furnishes the annexed report:—

TUESDAY, June 5, 1838.—Breeder's Plate, value $100, given by the Proprietor, for 3 year olds (colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.) that never started in public. No subscription required, and the Plate to be given annually. Nominations to be made as in a Sweepstakes, the stake closing on 1st May. Nine entries. Mile heats.

M. McCumpsey's b. f. *Esther Cooper*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy	2	1	1
Woods S. Miller's ch. f. *Minerva Miller*, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko	1	2	2
Benj. Maloney's b. c. *Collin*, by Imp. Zilcadi, dam unknown	dist.		

Time, 1:51—1:51—1:59.

There were nine entries, but only the above made their appearance at the post. At the start they all got off well, Collin taking the lead, but was instantly challenged by Minerva, who gave him the "go-by," with Esther trailing close after. They kept in this order throughout, Minerva winning with much apparent ease.

2d heat.—Minerva went off with the lead; Esther made play from the start, and collared her adversary, when a beautiful contest ensued, neck and neck, until they turned the corner of the last quarter, when Esther succeeded in shaking her off, and came in ahead about a length.

3d heat.—Esther took the lead, and maintained it without a struggle, and won the heat by three lengths, and something to spare.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Five subs. at $100 each, h ft. Mile heats.

M. McCumpsey's b. f. *Josephine*, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland	1	1
Woods S. Miller's b. f. *Miss Molly*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson	2	2

Time, 1:51—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, June 6—The Oakland Plate, a Tea Service of Silver, value $500, ent $62.50; free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

M. R. Tarlton's b. c. *Conflict*, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	1
Chas. Buford's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Moses, 3 yrs	5	2
M. W. Dickey's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker—Ophelia by Wild Medley, 3 y.	2	3
A. C. Antill's (W. S. Miller's) ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, d. by Sea Serpent, 4 y.	3	dist.
Col. Wm. Buford's c. f. *Medoca*, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 3 yrs	4	dist.
Robt. Burbridge's b. f. *Jemima*, by Woodpecker, d. by Sir William of Transport, 3 y	6	dist
Samuel Underwood & Co.'s ch. c. *Sultan*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	dist.	
B. S. Creel's br. f. *Waxetta*, by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 3:55—3:51.

The track to-day was rather heavy, occasioned by rain the night previous. The attendance was numerous, both of ladies and gentlemen. Medoca was the favorite against the field. Conflict led off, and went away briskly, Harpalyce 2d, Grey Eagle 3d, Medoca 4th, and the rest all together. They continued in this order for about a mile and a quarter, when Grey Eagle began to show a desire to do something for the honor of Woodpecker, and giving Harpalyce the "go-by," made an attempt to reach Conflict, but it wouldn't fit "nohow." Conflict beat him by about two lengths, and distanced Sultan and Waxetta. Immediately after the heat Mr. WALKER THURSTON purchased Conflict for $2,000.

2d heat.—Conflict went off with the lead, Harpalyce, as before, 2d, Grey Eagle 3d, the Bertrand filly 4th, Medoca 5th, and Jemima 6th. They maintained their relative positions for the first mile and a half, when the Bertrand filly came up, and succeeded in passing Harpalyce, and then challenged the Grey at the entrance of the quarter stretch, when a severe rally ensued betwen the two, both receiving whip and spur. The filly, however, gained her point, and succeeded in placing herself 2d, Conflict winning the heat by about a length.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match $300 a-side, catch weights, Mile heats.

Richard Buckley's b. f. by Rattler, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs	1	1
J. P. Smith's bl. f. *Diana Crone*, by Marc. Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 3 yrs.	2	2

Time, 1st heat not kept—2d, 1:57.

THURSDAY, June 7—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $50; (with an inside stake of $100, between *Mary Vaughan, Mary Serene, Tom Benton*, and *Queen Mary*); free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

R. B. Tarlton's ch. f. *Queen Mary* by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs	1	1
D. Stockton's ch. g. *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, 6 yrs	3	2
R. L. Webb's (J. Lindsay's) b. f. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs	4	3
Wm. S. Ward's b. f. *Mary Vaughan* by Waxy—Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 y.	2	4
Robt. Burbridge's ch. f. *Mary Serene*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs	dist.	
Sidney Burbridge's br. c. *Tom Benton*, by Bertrand, out of Maria by Hamiltonian, 3 y	dist.	

Time, 5:51—5:54.

The concourse of people to-day on the course was immense, and the weather delightful. Queen Mary was the favorite. Considerable difficulty ensued in getting away fairly, owing to the anxiety of the riders to gain a length or two at the go-off. At length the drum being tapped, they all had a pretty good start, except Queen Mary, who was left upwards of 30 yards in the rear. Mary Serene made running to the turn, where she was headed by Mary Vaughan, followed by West Florida; here a very exciting contest ensued between the two latter: Mary Serene retired in the rear, and Tom Benton came up and took her place, Crowder and Queen Mary trailing behind. In this way they went along steadily for a mile and a half, when West Florida's saddle slipped upon her neck, but her rider kept his hold admirably, although the accident evidently much impeded her progress. Tom Benton hereupon went up and challenged Mary Vaughan; a short rally took place, when unfortunately Tom's saddle also slipped, and he began to flag, and soon fell back. Queen Mary now began to let out, and before they turned the 1st corner of the 3d mile, at the tail of Mary Vaughan, the race assumed another and more positive aspect. Queen Mary having defeated the others, went up to Mary Vaughan (who was still in front), and shook her off after a pretty severe contest down the quarter-stretch, distancing Tom Benton and Mary Serene. The latter, it is but justice to remark, also slipped her saddle.

2d heat.—The betting was now 2 to 1 Queen Mary vs. the field. Crowder took the lead, closely followed by the Queen, the rest well up; on the back stretch they were all together, making a splendid race. Mary Vaughan, however, out-ran them, and came out of the crowd with Florida at her heels, who went up and collared her, when a severe rally took place, neck and neck, until they entered the back-stretch of the 3d mile, when Florida succeeded in shaking her off. Crowder now made play—challenged Florida—changed places with her, and maintained his position until they turned the last quarter, when Queen Mary came up and made a brush at him, and succeded in reaching him, when a tremendous contest took place, which resulted in Queen Mary winning by about half a length.

FRIDAY June 8—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $100; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. K. Duke's b. h. *Keph*, by Hephestion, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs	*	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's b. h. *Dick Johnson*, by Bertrand, out of Susan by Tiger, 5 yrs	*	3	2
A. Cunningham's b. c. *Conflict*, pedigree before, 4 yrs	1	2	3
Thos. G. Moore's br. m. *Corinna*, by Trumpator, dam by Director, 6 yrs	2	dist.	
Col. Wm. Buford's ch. c. *Sthreshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs	*	dist.	
W. T. Ward's b. h. *Robert Burns*, by Kosciusko, out of Betty Bluster, 6 yrs	*	dist.	
G. W. Tarlton's gr. h. *Henry Harrison*, by Trumpator, dam by Doublehead	*	dist.	

Time, 8:12—8:02—8:27.

A brilliant sun and cloudless sky, in addition to the other attractions, drew to the course a greater concourse than any preceding day, presenting an assemblage of equipages and well-dressed persons all apparently in the highest spirits. The spectacle on the stand was splendid and animating beyond description, putting all calculation as to their number at defiance. This race excited considerable interest; Conflict was the favorite at 100 to 40 against the field. From so large a field, as it might have been expected, there were one or two false starts. At last they got off in fine style, Sthreshley taking the lead, and after running a few yards, Conflict passed him, with Keph close after, and the rest in the rear. They continued in this order for three miles, when Corinna began to push forward, and after a smart brush on the back-stretch, succeeded in collaring Conflict, when a desperate contest ensued, which ended in Conflict winning the heat by about half a length, all the rest, dropping in within the distance, were not placed.

2d heat.—Conflict the favorite against the field.—Sthreshley, as before, went off with the lead, but before he had made the first turn Conflict had turned his back upon him. Keph now began to quicken his pace, and soon placed himself 2d, Corinna 3d, Dick Johnson 4th, and the rest trailing behind. They thus continued for the 1st mile, when an exciting contest took place between Conflict and Keph, neck and neck, which lasted until they turned the quarter-stretch of the 3d mile, when Keph shook him off, reversed their positions, with Dick Johnson 3d, Corinna 4th. They kept in this order throughout the heat, Keph winning by about a length, Conflict 2d, Dick Johnson 3d, all the rest distanced.

3d heat.—Keph led off, and went away at a steady rate, Dick Johnson 2d, and Conflict behind all, under a heavy pull. There was no change in their positions for the first mile and a half, when Dick Johnson made a dash at Keph, but it would'nt answer. Conflict now made an attempt to push forward, but got his labor for his pains, Keph still holding the lead. At the last quarter of the 4th mile Dick made another brush, and collared him; a severe contest took place between them, when Keph came in ahead by about half a length only.

SATURDAY, June 9—Purse $250, ent. $25; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. Cunningham's ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc—Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1	1	1	
Chas. Buford's ch. f. by Medoc, out of Butterfly by Sumpter, 3 yrs	2	3	2	
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, d. by Whipster, 3 y	5	2	3	
Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 4 yrs	4	6	4	
Wm. Buford, jun.'s b. c. *Brandy*, by Abdramar, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs	3	4	5	
W. T. Ward's br. h. *Coriolanus*, by Waxy, dam by Whip, 6 yrs	6	5	6	

Time, 1:48¼—1:48¼—1:48¼.

Another delightful day; the attendance, however, was not so numerous. Maria Duke and Willina Herndon were the favorites. At the start Maria went off with the lead, and was never headed.

2d heat.—Brandy led off, but was soon overtaken and passed by Willina, who sustained her position until they turned the corner of the last quarter, when Maria came up and collared her. The contest was more exciting coming home: it was difficult to distinguish which was ahead. Maria, however, won by about half a length.

3d heat.—Coriolanus took the lead, with Willina at his heels, who soon gave him the go-by. Sidney Burbridge's colt came up and made a brush at Willina and passed her, closely followed by Maria, and after a pretty severe rally, she succeeded in passing, and won the heat by about a length.

COLUMBUS (Miss.) SPRING RACES.

Friend P.—I herewith send you a report of our Spring races, which commenced on the 7th May, and continued six days.

MONDAY, May 7, 1838.—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; catch weights. Four subs. at $100 each. Mile heats.

David Myers' ch. f. by Sir Charles dam omitted, 4 yrs	1	1
H. L. French's ch. f. *Lorinda*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	2	2
Simon Cockerell's ch. h. by Bertrand, dam omitted, 6 yrs	3	3
F. R. Gregory's b. m. by Gohanna, " " 5 yrs	4	4

Time, 1:52—1:51.

TUESDAY, May 8—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $25; free for all ages; 2 year olds a feather—3 yrs. to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 126lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

W. A. Verell's b. f. *Elvira*, by Star dam by Alfred, 4 yrs	1
H. L. French's b. c. *Robin the Boy*, by Bertrand, dam by Robin Grey, 4 yrs	2 dr
Dr. G. B. Saunders' gr. f. by Mohawk, dam by Peacemaker, 4 yrs	dis.

Time, 3:56. Won easily.

WEDNESDAY, May 9—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent $30; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

H. L. French's br. m. *Meselina*, by Archie of Transport, dam by Black-and-all-Black, 5 yrs	1	1
F. R. Gregory's (Wm. D. Amis') gr. m. *Ann Eliza*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 6:05—6:10.

THURSDAY, May 10—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent $50; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

W. A. Verell's gr. g. *Bernardo*, by Pacific, dam by Young Florizel, 5 yrs	1	1
F. R. Gregory's (Wm. D. Amis') gr. h. *Sir Kenneth*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Aurora, 6 yrs	2	dis.

Time, 8:10. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, May 11—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $25; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. L. French's ch. f. *Lorinda*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	2	2	1	1
Simon Cockerell's ch. h. by Bertrand, 6 yrs	2	1	1	2	2
David Myers' ch. c. by Bertrand, 4 yrs	*	*	*	*	*
F. R. Gregory's gr. f. *Ann Eliza*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	*	*	*	*	*

Time, 1:51—1:56—1:56—1:55—1:57.

SATURDAY, May 12—Silver Pitcher, valued at $300, ent. $25, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Kirk & Heffington's ch. f. *Narcissa Parish*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs	1	1
F. R. Gregory's gr. h. *Sir Kenneth*, pedigree above, 6 yrs	2	2

Time, 6.08—6:10.

W. A. VERELL, *Sec'y.*

P.S. Our track is 15 feet over a mile, and we date our age from the first of January.

The following matches also came off over the same course:—

THURSDAY, May 3—Much, for $4000. Four miles.

Wm. D. Amis' gr. h. *Sir Kenneth*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Aurora, 6 yrs	1
David Myers' ch. c. by Bertrand Jr., 4 yrs	2

Time, 8.22. Won in a gallop.

MONDAY, May 7—Match, for $3000. One mile.

W. A. Verell's bl. g. ——, aged, 95lbs	1
J. Amis' ch. g. ——, aged, 100lbs	2

Time not given.

The black won by about 3 feet, but the Judges decided against him for an alleged accidental jostle. However, I believe each party will keep their own money.

LYNCHBURG (Va.) SPRING RACES

Commenced on the 6th inst. We find in the "Virginian" the annexed report, which is probably official:—

WEDNESDAY, June 6, 1838.—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual deduction (3lbs.) to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. h. *Ely*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Columbus, 4 yrs	1	1
John Houseright's b. f. *Jane Kyle*, by Greybeard, dam by Saltram, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time not kept.

THURSDAY, June 7—Lynchburg Silver Plate, value $200; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. h. *Pioneer*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs	1	1
John Houseright's (Maj. Yancey's) b. c. by Greybeard, out of Sally Flynn by Virginian, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:03—4:08¼.

FRIDAY, June 8—Jockey Club Purse $400; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. c. *Glenn Valick*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs	1	1
Isaac H. Oliver's ch. f. *Evelyn Cameron*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 4 yrs	2	2
John H. Houseright's s. g. by Greybeard, dam by Powhattan, 6 yrs	3	3

Time, 6:02—6:05.

At starting, Evelyn Cameron was the favorite, 2 to 1 against the field; bets freely taken at the odds; and even after the first heat $30 to $100 was offered and no takers. The backers of the Eclipse filly had great faith in the blood and bottom of her sire; but young Tonson stood up to the rack from the start, and never suffered the Eclipse to pass him, although each heat was a beautiful contest.

ON BROOD MARES AND THE AMERICAN TURF.

The June number of "*The London Sportsman*," edited, as we believe, by T. B Johnson, Esq., author of "The Sportsman's Dictionary," is embellished with a steel engraving of *Maria*, a celebrated brood mare in the late Hampton Court Stud, and the favorite of his late Majesty George IV. The letter-press illustration of the plate contains much valuable information relative to breeding, while the editor has indulged in some remarks upon the American Turf, which will be read with interest.

Our embellishment presents Maria as an old brood mare, and she appears like most of those thorough-bred mares which have fallen under our notice in similar circumstances—quite out of form. We have long been decidedly of opinion, that brood mares are not sufficiently well fed nor warmly housed. But, in order to be enabled to form a satisfactory opinion upon this subject, we should duly consider the treatment of the young racing mare in the first instance, and her management till she has finished her career on the turf. From the moment she is dropped she is supplied with the most nutritious food in abundance, and forced to attain a precocious maturity, with all the aid of artificial means which human ingenuity can suggest. Her system is thus kept up to the highest tone till the moment she quits the course, when she is placed in the breeding stud, and her condition suffered to relapse into the ordinary course of simple nature. Now, inasmuch as the change from one extreme to the other, cannot fail to produce an injurious revulsion; so the animal, which, in her racing career, had appeared so energetic and vivacious, sinks into a state of languid and almost inert repose. If vigorous stock be the object of the breeder, (which cannot be for a moment doubted,) surely the brood mare should experience every attention, and be well fed during the period of gestation in particular; but, as a different system is pursued, the mare becomes so altered in her appearance, that in a short time after the animal has been in the paddocks, it is not always easy to recognize the once active, sprightly racer, in the dull, lethargic brood mare. The most serious mistake occurs in regard to heat. Referring again to fundamental principles, we find the thorough-bred nag originally from the sultry climates of the East; that, in fact, he attains perfection beneath the almost scorching heat of Arabia; and that the produce of this genuine variety of horse requires an atmospheric influence somewhat similar in order to attain condition in this country. Trainers being well aware that the temperature of the stable, during winter, should not be below sixty degrees of the thermometer, yet the brood mare is suffered to shiver under the operation of a very different temperature; and hence results the long and staring coat so much at variance with the legitimate covering of the genuine Eastern original.

Maria was a great favorite with George IV., who, according to report, was an excellent judge of the horse. In going over the paddocks at Hampton Court, about three years since, Mr. Worley (the manager) observed, that this monarch evinced the most acute and the quickest perception in regard to the conformation of this elegant and highly interesting quadruped; and we are not disposed to deny his deceased Majesty the rare quality which his worthy servant represented him to possess, though the animals which on this occasion we saw at Hampton Court, did not, in our estimation, carry out the idea, except in a single instance, that of Fleur-de-Lis, one of the finest mares, beyond all question, that ever appeared on the turf.

George IV. imbibed an ardent passion for the turf in early life, but having met with (as he conceived) unfair treatment, he retired from it, for a considerable time, in disgust; and when, at length, in the full plenitude of power, the latent *penchant* returned, he was advanced in life, encumbered with the weighty concerns of this mighty empire, and therefore unable to pay that active and sedulous attention to individual selection which distinguished his earlier and more leisurely years. Hence we may account for his giving so large a sum for The Colonel (four thousand guineas), a price so much beyond the value of the horse. It is true, the late Earl of Derby refused the offer of an American, of 7,000 guineas for Sir Peter, by saying that he "would not part with him for any sum; but that, had he felt disposed to sell Sir Peter Teazle, 10,000 guineas had been previously offered." But Sir Peter and the Colonel have no points of comparison whatever. The Colonel won the Great St. Leger, and was a stout, strong, running racer, but could not be remarkable for speed; he comes under the description of a "compact horse:" strictly so, and in reference to such classification, is almost a perfect model. This, however, is not the conformation best calculated for the racer, because it necessarily produces round action, and consequently, compared with the "daisy cutter," shortens the stride and renders the progressive motion slower. The Colonel ought to have been placed in the hunting stable instead of appearing as a racer; and were we engaged in breeding for the hunting field, we are aware of no stallion we should prefer to him for the purpose.

We are amongst the number of those who sincerely regret the breaking up of the Hampton Court breeding stud. As a national establishment we were proud of it; and in a general view we considered it well calculated still further to improve the breed of an animal for which this country is already eminently conspicuous—immeasurably superior indeed to any other part of the world. As far as relates to the racer, the Americans have, for the last twenty years, manifested an emulative zeal far surpassing that of any other people; and though ages must elapse before they can successfully rival this country, it must be acknowledged that they have pursued the improvement of their horses with a degree of energy never yet surpassed, and have spared neither pains nor expense in the importation of nags. That the Americans should thus, after the turbulence of their infant struggles had subsided, imbibe and cherish feelings similar to the source whence they sprung, that in fact they should inherit the propensities of their progenitors, can become no subject of surprise, at least to the natural philosopher and the physiologist, since it has become an acknowledged fact, that "like produces like," and that the effects of "*hereditary instinct*," are rendered manifest in a variety of forms, though the operative process may be difficult to explain. If we look at animated nature, we shall find, that a feeling or notion of danger is implanted throughout creation at that early period of existence when such an impression could not have originated from sight or experience, but must have been sympathetically communicated from the female to the growing fœtus in the womb. Or why does the fawn testify alarm, and fly from the tiger the first time it beholds him, if it were not for a consciousness of danger, imparted by sympathetic precept, as no opportunity of ocular instruction could have occurred? If the young animal just mentioned come in contact with the elephant, the ox, or the buffalo, its terrors are not excited, it testifies no alarm, it feels confident that no danger is to be apprehended from them; yet this correct knowledge or feeling of safety must have been imparted in the same manner as the impression of terror at the presence of the tiger had been conveyed. May not such reasoning be applied to the inherent attachment of the Americans to horse-racing?

Yet our brethren in the western hemisphere labour under difficulties, which time and perseverance only can surmount, difficulties long since overcome in this country. In all those states of the American union, where racing is cherished, a course is not to be found to which an Englishman would not feel an objection; very little of the kind of turf, so pleasant to the feet of the horses, and for which this country is remarkable, is to be met with in America, and to remedy the evil as far as possible, the earth is turned up with the plough, by which the hardness of the ground is reduced, but which is only a poor substitute for Newmarket Heath, or the superior elasticity of Newton, (Lancashire) race course, and many other places. Further, although the Americans have given good prices for English horses, they have not escaped imposition; they have been fortunate in procuring *Fylde* and several others, while a much greater number of third rates and nags of still lower degree have been palmed upon them, particularly A———. The same person (Jackson) who brought those unparalleled trotters, Rattler and Tom Thumb, to this country, took back A——— to America, and succeeded in prevailing upon his countrymen to regard him as a very superior horse—by what means it is not necessary to state. The performances of A——— ranked him as an indifferent plate horse; he left the course at an early age, and when Jackson purchased him from the late Earl of Derby, he was a crib-biter, a roarer, and "all to pieces before"—the Americans have discovered the mistake in his stock.

In 1833, an American gentleman of property, (Mr. Corbin) fondly devoted to the turf, visited this country, bringing with him a very exalted opinion of the racers and racing of his own country. He attended Doncaster races, he timed several of the events, and after witnessing the struggle for the celebrated St. Leger, acknowledged with a sigh the vast inferiority of the operations of the American turf; the St. Leger on this occasion was won by Rockingham, and was not remarkable for the goodness or the superiority of the "pace."

If we look at procreation physiologically, we shall find that little progress has been made in this mysterious operation of nature, since the time of that extraordinary man Aristotle; it was well said of him that "he was the secretary of science and dipped his pen in intellect." To wonderful powers of perception, and a comprehensiveness of mind truly astonishing, he added invincible perseverance; and fortunately for the development of these rare qualities, his locality, the time in which he lived, and indeed a fortunate concourse of circumstances, were alike favorable. His father was a physician, and therefore little doubt can be entertained that every attention was paid to his early education; while nothing could be more influentially conducive to his scientific pursuits than the friendship which Philip of Macedon manifested for him, and his consequent appointment of preceptor to his son Alexander. The pupil became very much attached to his great master, and embraced every opportunity of testifying his sincere regard for him. With a liberality of disposition and a greatness of mind, Alexander supplied Aristotle with ample pecuniary resources for the prosecution of science, and employed persons (particularly during his warlike expeditions) at an unsparing expense to procure rare subjects for the purpose of experimental research, thus very effectually promoting the views of the founder of legitimate physiology. That only a portion of the works of the Stagyrite should have reached posterity is much to be regretted; yet, if we look at the ravages of time, and duly consider the remote period in which Aristotle lived, and that the wonderful multiplication of written ideas by means of the printing press was not known, we may feel surprise that any part of the literary labours of this great philosopher should have reached us, particularly after they had been buried for centuries, and ultimately brought to light by accident.

That the horse was a particular object of attention with Aristotle, no doubt can be entertained; the anecdote of the fiery steed, Bucephalus, afterwards the favorite charger of Alexander, is too generally known to need extended notice or amplification in this place; and that the Macedonians were in possession of the genuine blood is more than probable—from their locality and their effective and numerous cavalry. It is further probable that the Arabian horse existed in greater perfection in the time of Philip and Alexander than at the present day; because the people amongst whom he was found at that remote period, were more enlightened, much more enlightened, than their successors, for the last five or six hundred years in particular, an observation especially applicable to the descendants of Ismael (the Arabians) who from intermixture with the inferior varieties of human nature, and particularly with the Negroes, have degenerated very considerably. Ignorant of the principles or doctrines of nature these people have pursued a very erroneous system in the propagation of this noble animal; they have confined breeding in the same family in a manner productive of the most injurious results, and hence the number of weedy (if not worthless) Arabian horses which have found their way into this country. The Black Arabian, sent from the Imaum of Muscat to William IV. was one of the most striking examples of the injurious effects of breeding-in-and-in that ever fell under our observation—particularly exhibited in a length (and consequent weakness) of pastern, which so far reduced his strength as to disqualify him for any useful purpose.

If the modern and much degenerated Arabians have ignorantly adopted a system of breeding at variance with the simple and unadulterated principles of nature, most of the breeders of thorough-bred horses in this country are too apt to allow themselves to be influenced by "fashionable blood;" if a horse, for instance, acquire a character, however short his career may have been, mares are unhesitatingly put to him, without due regard to that reciprocal development of the organs of power and speed, which ought uniformly to constitute the principal object of consideration; a case in point presents itself immediately—we allude to Bay Middleton. The racing career of this horse was short, but eminently successful; and that he was a well-formed nag we unhesitatingly admit; yet if we alternately consider the points or parts of his form, particularly conducive to strength and progressive motion, we shall perceive that he is rather loose in the loins, too loose to enable him to run a good four-mile heat, though he might thus derive advantage for a short race. Therefore, had we brood mares, we should select such of them for Bay Middleton as presented an opposite form of loin, and thus endeavor to remedy the defect of the horse by the varied formation of the mare. Similar reasoning will, of course, apply to every other point of animals intended for breeding. The number of mares sent to Bay Middleton this spring, has been unusually great, every one of which, we feel well assured, has not been selected with that judicious discrimination indispensably requisite in all approaches or attempts towards perfection.

The individual sexual influence is insusceptible, perhaps, of mathematical or specific demonstration; the greatest natural philosopher of antiquity, to whom we have already alluded, has thrown little light on the subject, and those who have pursued the system which he so ably founded, either from insufficient consideration, incapacity, or the inscrutableness of the inquiry, have elicited nothing satisfactory, or upon which reliance can be placed. Darwin has published some fanciful physiological ideas, in which he unhesitatingly represents the masculine influence as superlatively active and impressive, and brings forward an interesting fact or two in support of his hypothesis; yet, we cannot subscribe unqualifiedly to such doctrine, because instances of an opposite tendency which has fallen under our observation have been numerous, and too strongly defined to allow of our implicit or unreserved assent. If, however, this part of our subject admits of doubt, we feel no hesitation in stating that, to breed from horse or mare before they have attained maturity, is injudicious, and the remark applies more forcibly, perhaps, to animals in advanced life: youth on one side may make up in some degree for the feebleness of age on the other, but surely it is infinitely preferable that both horse and mare should retain the full vigour of life, if we are to calculate on satisfactory produce. If, in procreation, the preponderating influence of the horse be admitted (and we are not prepared to deny it), the deteriorating effects of the employment of a very old stallion are incontestible—they have been exemplified in a remarkable manner in the cases of Eclipse and Sir Peter Teazle, whose late produce were worthless—forming an almost incredible contrast to the superlative stock obtained from these justly celebrated horses in the vigor of life.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

Written Expressly for the New York Spirit of the Times.

We rise from sleep at break of day,
And to the valley wend our way;
To dancing stream and lonely pool
We cast our fly in shadows cool,
And featly snare our speckled prey,
When birds awake at dawn of day.

II.

Each feature of the lovely scene—
The forest glade—the foliage green—
The bank where early violets cling,
Or heath-bells hang above the spring—
The landscape near, the hills remote,
The gentle Angler loves to note.

III.

He bends his rod, he casts his fly,
And thus the winged hours go by:
And when the sun is overhead,
For him the coolest shade is spread,
While breezes steal from copse and hill,
As he displays his quiet skill.

IV.

But when the western heaven is bright
With rosy day's departing light,
With basket filled and bosom gay,
He lightly treads his homeward way;
And star-lit Evening hath her charms,
For he is locked in Beauty's arms.

Brookline, Mass., June, 1838. D.

A LINE FROM NIMROD.

CHANTILLY RACES—THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT AND MR. HORLOCK.

So "forbiddingly cold" was the North-east wind on the 17th May instant, that I was scared from my attempt to be present at Chantilly Races; so I am indebted to a correspondent chiefly for what it is in my power to say of them.

As usual, Lord Henry Seymour acted the part of the "bull in the china-shop," carrying off the four grand prizes, and the hurdle race stakes. The following horses started for the Jockey Club stakes for 3 yr. olds, the Derby of France, and were thus placed:—

Lord Henry Seymour's *Vendredi*	1
The Duke of Orleans's Magenta	2
Lord Henry Seymour's Fortunatus	3
——— ——— Insulaire	4
The Duke of Orleans's Dolorosa	5

Vendredi made desperate play, and was never headed. A short time back, Lord Henry offered £800 for Insulaire, who was first favorite in the betting, but his running in this race proved he would have been rather a dear bargain. Only three horses started for the Pembroke Cup, and were thus placed:—

Lord Henry Seymour's *Scroggins*, 5 yrs	Count Vaublanc	1	2	1
Prince Moskowa's Mendicant, 5 yrs	Mr Mackenzie Grieves	2	1	2
M. Charles Laffitte's Peau de Chagrin, 5 yrs	M. Sanson	3	dr	

Lincoln, Cartoon, and Heiress (Count Walewshey's) were also entered for the Cup, but were drawn. In the first heat the mare made running to the stakes, where she declined, and Mendicant waited till within the distance, when a desperate race ensued, Scroggins winning by half a length. Mendicant won the 2d heat by a head. The 3d heat Scroggins won by a length, and rather cleverly at the last. I have reason to believe no race in France ever created so much interest as the one for this cup, which is a magnificent piece of workmanship. Mr. Grieves did all that could be done for his horse, and won the 2d heat by the aid of a tremendous rush.

The Stud Stakes was walked over for, after the first heat, by Lord Seymour's celebrated horse *Frank*, by Rainbow.

The Hurdle Race was admirably contested, and won by Lord Henry Seymour's *Swift*, by Leviathan, beating Peau-de-Chagrin, and Malo, who bolted over the ropes and threw his rider. Count de Vaublanc rode the winner, Mr. Grieves the mare, and Count de Mornez Malo. I am happy to say the Count was not hurt; but how much longer will French sportsmen reject my advice, not to rope the *outsides* of their courses! This is the fifth accident in consequence of this absurd plan, in two years, which have come to my knowledge, two of which I witnessed.

On the second day Mendicant came out again, and won two matches. First he beat Scroggins, 110lbs. each; T. Robinson on Scroggins, and John Mizen on Mendicant; a mile and a quarter, £50, half forfeit; won by a length. Secondly, he gave Heiress, by The Colonel, (same age,) 15lbs., once round the course, and beat her in a canter, £200, P P. Strange to say, the first of those matches was made *before the horses were purchased*. It was merely "*my* Cup horse against *your* Cup horse," which must be allowed to be a novel mode of doing business.

It may be supposed I had an interest in the Cup race, having purchased Mendicant for the Prince at last Craven Meeting for £300, little thinking that he was to meet Scroggins, whose price was *four times as much*. That he (Scroggins) is the best race-horse there is no doubt, and I only take credit for having been somewhat near the mark against such fearful odds.

The New Betting Room Stakes was won by his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans' *Dolorosa*, beating Lord Henry Seymour's Fortunatus and another.

The Chantilly Stakes was won by Mr. Carter's *Anne Grey*, at 3 heats, beating three others.

The Two year old Stakes (the first ever seen in France) was won by *Lantara*, beating three others.

When I was last in England, I heard a good deal of the dispute about *country*, between the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Horlock, and was happy to find it settled. I have on this subject an anecdote for you, on the truth of which my readers may implicitly rely. During the period of Mr. Warde's hunting the Oakley country, the late Duke of Bedford set up his fox-hounds, and appointed them to meet one day at a celebrated cover of his own. Mr. Warde wrote a polite letter to his Grace, intimating that, according to the usages of fox-hunting, he could not draw the appointed cover, although it was *his own*. The Duke altered the fixture; and on the first time of Mr. Warde meeting at the place in question, his Grace, with all his friends then staying at Woburn, attended. Now, then, for the finish—truly in character with the man whose name is dear to every British sportsman. Mr. Warde rode up to his Grace, and taking off his hat, as a mark of respect to his rank, addressed him in these words: "My Lord Duke, I am extremely sorry that my duty, as the present occupier of this country, compelled me to establish my right to draw this cover. Having done so, I now concede it to your Grace, so long as I hunt the Oakley country, and have no doubt it will afford you good sport. (*Robert* to his huntsman), *take the hounds to —— wood*."*

London (New) Sporting Magazine for June. Nimrod.

* I forget the name of the cover.

STUD OF THE HON. EAST INDIA CO. AT BENGAL.

With remarks upon the "*Prospective Advantages of the Cross of the Arab Blood with the English Mare*," by Maj E. Gwatkin, Superintendant of the Hon. East India Company's Stud at Bengal.

Not long since I read in the Magazine that Arabs, for the purpose of breeding, are still held in the same low estimation as when I ventured an opinion contrary to the sentiments of the writer signing himself Anti Arab. I can hardly expect to change the views of breeders in England by any remarks I might further urge from this distant country; still, not being convinced that my position is untenable, I hope I may, without the charge of obstinacy, as seeing only my own or Indian side of the question, maintain my opinion until I am assured *repeated instances* have proved the failure, and those instances be detailed; for it would carry no conviction to my mind that my plan is radically wrong to be told "My Lord B.'s colt by the Arab Barefoot, not placed in the Derby, ran a bad third in a Sweepstakes, one mile, receiving 7 lbs., against Mr. C.'s filly first, and Mr. D.'s colt second, all the same age."

I neither do nor ever did advocate breeding from Arabs for the immediate purpose of the Turf, or, I should rather say, with the idea that their immediate descendants would compete with the larger stock, forced as it is to run a few short races at a very early age: it is on the cross of the Arab blood upon the present English mare in future generations that I should anticipate advantage.

In a letter some years ago addressed to the Magazine, I mentioned that only one produce from imported English sire and dam had produced a racer in India—my mare *Rhoda*, by *Benedick*, out of a Worthy mare: I am not aware of any subsequent instance to divide the honor. Breeding, however, has greatly fallen into disuse: there are but few private studs now in Bengal. The Turf is supported by Arabs, with a sprinkling of English, Country, and Cape-bred horses.

Mr. George Bacon, a liberal supporter of the Turf, has, at the last Meerut Race Meeting, produced an Arab gelding, "*Faustus*," that ran three miles over the Round Course, winning the Gold Cup given annually by the Officers of H.M. 16th Lancers* *very easily*, in 6:07. *Faustus* stands 14–1, which in England would be considered a perfect galloway; the course is sandy, very unlike the springy turf of Old England, that "land of all lands the glory;" it is a mile and a half round, and in the last half mile a stiffish hill. My opinion of the blood and stamina of the Arab is unshaken (I have not lost sight of the defeat of *Pyramus* by *Recruit*.—By the way, Pyramus was under 13–3); and supposing it were possible to bring *Faustus* so equally matched with an English race horse as to run a close well-contested race two miles over Newmarket, the English horse to win by half a length, I venture the opinion that if they were to continue the race another mile, the Arab would win by several lengths, and I should have India to back such opinion. I have quitted the Turf, but the pluck of the Arab I have never seen surpassed.

The selection of blood horses sent from England to India has not evinced much judgment. It would be difficult for me to name twenty, in the whole course of my experience, such as I should call quite fit to breed from. They have either been weedy things, capable of running a mile amongst the third class racers in England, or neat showy horses, good heads and tails; or else great lumbering horses, unfit to put to the small mares of India. The Country mare runs from 14-2 to 15 hands; now a horse of 16 hands to a mare 14–2 is likely to produce an ill-shaped or leggy colt; an Arab of 14–1 with a mare of 15 hands will, in all likelihood, produce a well-shaped colt, generally exceeding the height of the dam. In form, the latter will be superior to the stock by the English horse; but in temper they are not to be compared, for the get of the English horse and Country mare are frequently vicious. You should bear in mind that in common use you do not see one gelding in fifty horses: the Native never castrates.

I have just received a roll of nine four-year-olds selected for me as stallions by Captain C. Thynne Thomas, a good judge, from 490 colts of the same age, at the Central Stud. Three of the nine are by the Arabs *Præmium*, *Napoleon*, and *Narcissus*; two of the colts are 15–2½, the third 15–1. The dam of the colt by Præmium was by Roger Bacon, grandam by Fencer, both imported English horses; great grandam a Waxy mare, also imported, out of Tiffany. This result is much to the point. I have not yet seen these colts; Captain Thomas writes to say he refused 1000 rupees for the Narcissus colt.

The faults of formation in the horse bred in India I consider to be a tendency to great fulness in the hock, and, when of a height exceeding 15–1, running to leg; narrowness of the chest; with a general shortness of body and quarters, fore and hind. It is rarely we see a uniformity of length combined with depth and thickness of body and shortness of leg, even under the greatest attention both as regards the cross as well as care in rearing.

But every breeder in England cannot expect to breed a race horse, neither do I suppose it is attempted. A good hunter, a good roadster, which here as well as at home I fancy is by far the most difficult horse to meet with in perfection, will always fetch a handsome price with profit to the English breeder; and I must own my surprise, that for the distinct object of breeding hunters and roadsters the Arab is not tried. All his points, combined with perfect temper, would indicate his fitness—a beautiful head, a high generous spirit, graceful in his carriage, generally a light shoulder, with great elasticity of the pastern, rendering his paces easy, thin skin, with silky short hair, wiry legs, feet good, hocks particularly clean, and generally carrying both ends well.

The Arabs have proverbially good clean broad hocks, with well bent hind legs, which I cannot say of the generality of such English as have been sent to India; their hocks are very faulty. When Mr. Wetherby sent me *Slender Billy* for my private stud, I wrote to complain of his hocks: though in every other point beautiful, well bred, had run well at home, yet he never got a colt in any form for the Turf, and he had the best mares. Arabs are very rarely spavined or curbed, and to this favorable form of hind leg, combined with a generous yet resolute disposition, they are enabled to perform those feats of endurance, with speed corresponding with their size, of which we read, and of which the Turf in India has many proofs.

Unquestionably the best stock in the Stud now under my superintendance at Haupper, both in shape and substance, are the get of Arabs. It was a great mistake, when the Studs in the Upper Provinces were formed, that any other description of stallion was introduced. The Arab is the indigenous blood of the East, and the foundations of the Studs should have been thus properly laid. The mare in this part of India is coarse and vulgar, both in shape and qualities, and I may add color, and does not at first cross well with the imported English horse; whereas the cross from the Arab tends materially to correct her natural bad qualities, and prepare it to receive the English blood. You also trace your present blood to a foreign graft, generally Barb or Arab. Soil, climate, care, and the high prices obtained, have made the English horse what he is, which all must allow to be unrivalled. Your game cock is of Indian origin, descended from what we call the jungle fowl, still to be found wild in great numbers under the Himmalyah range of hills.

Without the English horse with which to cross the Arab blood, I readily admit that even in India we should not make much progress; but, if we may credit general accounts, in England the Arab is again wanted to bring you back in point of size, without deteriorating the blood. It is a fact which I have seen tested, that to continue to breed in India from imported English blood without crossing with

* The Lancer Cup, value 1000 rupees, for all horses, weight for age, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 gold mohurs (50*l.*).—Three mile heats.—Maidens allowed 5lbs.—The second horse to receive back his stake. Three horses to start, or the Cup to be withheld.—19 subs.

Mr George Bacon's g. Arab g. Faustus	1
The Moss Trooper's g. Arab h. The Borderer	2
Captain Cockerell's c. Country h. The White	3

A good race for two miles, which was run in 3.59. Faustus then went away, and won easy by twenty lengths.—Time, 6: 7.

June 30.

Arab blood, the stock will assuredly de
breed the fox-hound. Ask the Hon. Jo
rived from hunting in India if his dogs
stock. If the signature should catch h
letter, and will be glad to hear that h
and doing well.

Out of 180 stallions now under my s
tween the Ganges of the Jumna, from
in the county called the Doab, or Two
call to mind if I explained how my s
English imported, or Country bred (a
Company's Provinces), or Cape (a bre
climate appears to possess qualities mo
than those of the East), or Arab, all ar
me to the native farmer, who receives
which at 2s. 6d. the rupee is 15s.: bes
of the mare served one rupee, and a fo
every colt I purchase for them, the p
myself fortunate if I could purchase fo
Any mare suits a native breeder's pur
inferior description of horse, from the
and generous food from the time a col
valued, so that many a colt is rejecte
grossly neglected.

Some of your readers may be cur
stallions are attached is conducted, wi
an extract from a concise outline I pre
Stud in January 1837. Sir Henry is
of that liberal and expansive mind as
is advantageous upon a grand scale.
approved by him. I have cause to kn
Haupper. His Excellency had the o
joined but two days before, and I fanc
the first that came under his quick ey
ended with four-year old colts. Sir
days' inspection, "that he never saw
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Arab blood, the stock will assuredly deteriorate. India, in like manner, cannot breed the fox-hound. Ask the Hon. John Elliot what pleasure he would have derived from hunting in India if his dogs had been bred here even from imported stock. If the signature should catch his eye, he may be induced to look over this letter, and will be glad to hear that his favorite old hunter *Jim* is in high health and doing well.

Out of 180 stallions now under my Stud, scattered over the country laying between the Ganges of the Jumna, from the foot of the Hills, down to Mynpoorie in the county called the Doab, or Two Waters, thirty-four are Arabs. I cannot call to mind if I explained how my stallions are provided and kept. Whether English imported, or Country bred (a term in use to distinguish those bred in the Company's Provinces), or Cape (a breed of horse, which, from the advantage of climate appears to possess qualities more nearly approximating to the English horse than those of the East), or Arab, all are the property of Government, given out by me to the native farmer, who receives for food and attendance six rupees a month, which at 2s. 6d. the rupee is 15s.: besides this sum, they receive from the owner of the mare served one rupee, and a fee from the Hon. Company of two rupees for every colt I purchase for them, the produce of his horse; and I should consider myself fortunate if I could purchase four colts from each stallion all round the year. Any mare suits a native breeder's purpose, there being much demand for a very inferior description of horse, from the galloway to the pony: and the value of good and generous food from the time a colt can feed is unknown, or at all times undervalued, so that many a colt is rejected by me from having been in early youth grossly neglected.

Some of your readers may be curious to hear how a Stud to which so many stallions are attached is conducted, with the result thereof. I will therefore give an extract from a concise outline I prepared for Sir Henry Fane, who inspected my Stud in January 1837. Sir Henry is unquestionably a good judge of a horse, and of that liberal and expansive mind as to be able to form a correct judgment of what is advantageous upon a grand scale. The Studs at Ghagupoor and Haupper are approved by him. I have cause to know he was satisfied with his inspection at Haupper. His Excellency had the opportunity of seeing the purchases that had joined but two days before, and I fancy will not readily forget them. They were the first that came under his quick eye, for I walked him up the ladder until he ended with four-year old colts. Sir Henry did me the honor to say, after his two days' inspection, "that he never saw so many, nearly 1300, horses in such general fine condition (barring the colts just arrived); there was but one exception," which I explained as a colt so unthrifty that no treatment appeared to benefit. This colt went after by the name of *Exception*, but after a time was sold as not worth keeping.

The Haupper Stud was formed in 1819. Differing from the system at the Central Stud, no female stock is purchased; we depend upon the natives, finding it a source of profit to retain and breed from those mares which in more unsettled times were kept for offence or defence. In 1832 Lord William Bentinck, then Governor General, ordered the abolition of the Central Stud, under the impression that it was very expensive, and that, by removing its *materiel* to Haupper, great saving would be made on one hand, and better horses produced on the other. His Lordship was supported in his views by Colonel Galloway, a leading member of the Military Board, and an officer admitted to possess great general information and talent, but in horse breeding he had no experience. By his data the remount from the Central Stud could not be furnished much short of 1000 rupees a head. Differing in opinion with such high authority, I, then the Superintendant, had rather a difficult game to play, and I stood alone; but knowing his Lordship's willingness to hear both sides of the question, I entered warmly into the defence of the Central Stud, endeavoring to prove by the test of figures the capabilities and probable results from such an establishment if properly conducted. I sent in to Lord William and to the Military Board a proposal to purchase the stock, and contract to supply the remount at 500 rupees a head. I may or may not have brought conviction to his Lordship's mind, but I produced a pause, and gained time: no order in detail was issued: Lord William left us, and his successor saw fit to continue the Central Stud. I am sure both Lord William and Colonel Galloway will be glad to hear it continues to thrive, that from 450 to 500 remounts are now yearly supplied, and that since 1832 they have never *exceeded* 401 rupees a head.

During the period the Central Stud was under sentence of abolition, Lord William removed me to Haupper, where some of the female stock were sent, as also to the Hissar Stud to experimentalize; but after a little experience, Major Parsons and I arrived at the conclusion, that if further and continued supplies were sent, the farmer would look entirely to that source, and sell his best mares. The supply has in consequence of our representations been discontinued. That which answers so well at the Central Stud did not take well at Haupper. About Ghagupoor, a country long under British control, the people are peaceable, walk a foot, and will take great care of the mares. In the North Western Provinces, not many years ago called "The Ceded or Conquered Provinces," the people generally ride, each man carrying his sword, and if he finds not an almost immediate return from a mare given to him, neglect and starvation is the certain consequence. I have now between 260 and 270 mares, denominated "Company's mares," made over to the natives at a valuation according to age—300, 200, and 100 rupees—which sum is paid by the refund of one moiety of the price awarded for his colt when a year old: the fillies become his own property, engaging, however, to rear one when the mare is worn out.

Our breeding country is now divided into ten—there were twelve—circles: over each circle I have a head native, who receives twelve rupees a month, with a fee of two rupees for every colt purchased bred in his circle. Under this man I have a Chussrassee at four rupees, and a native farrier at six, the former to aid in collecting the lists of mares served, the latter to keep the feet of the stallions in order.

I continue travelling about the country from the middle of October until the end of April, to inspect the Government stallions and mares, and to purchase colts. The Government have no pre-emption except for produce out of their own mares; but the liberal price given for yearling colts always enables me to command the best, it being a very rare occurrence for a breeder to refuse the price awarded by me. There is no haggling, no dealing; the purchase is made openly. On arriving at my encamping ground, an hour is fixed for purchase: when the time comes, a ring is formed, and men having colts to sell bring them within that ring one by one. After the colts are carefully examined, I call out the price I will give. "Salaam," which means thanks, is generally the answer, but if the owner thinks the price too small, he takes the colt away. The price, the register number, height, age, color, &c., are instantly entered in the purchase-books kept both in English and Persian; after which another colt is brought up, and so on. Colts are bought at all ages; but I prefer purchasing from ten up to eighteen months, for I consider our system of feeding, exercise, &c., more likely to make a colt bought young a good horse, than if purchased at a more advanced age. A cheque-book is kept, and after each day's purchase every man having sold a colt receives a draft on the Stud Treasury. The number of colts purchased last year was 625; I may quote the average price at 100 rupees. I expect to obtain this year an equal number.

When a number of colts thus purchased are collected, they are, being first branded with their purchase-number, marched to the depot at Haupper. Change of food, long march, exposure at nights, often make the colt look but a sorry animal when he reaches the depot—far different from the well-fed yearlings at the Central Stud purchased at the depots; but physic, warm stabling, and care bring him round in a most extraordinary short time, unless the strangles, in April and May, are severe. It generally runs through the whole of the purchase of the year, and I have never yet met a veterinary surgeon, who, from what he had seen of this disease in England, understood the proper treatment, until taught by experience in India.—The colts are classed in size and age, and are allowed to run loose until three years old, some 300 in a paddock, for two hours in the day. We have generally about 110 colts in a stable. Whether yearlings or four year old colts, they are simply tied by the head to one long manger, with merely room sufficient to lay down, having neither stalls nor bails; and though our broadest stable is only fourteen feet, I walk at their heels with perfect confidence. To each stable I have a head native captain of stables, with a native assistant or mate under him. Until three years old, when they are taken up, one native groom, on four rupees a month, looks after three colts. The colts are very liberally fed, particularly when young; after three years old I find they require less feeding: gram, with *oats in straw* (that is, the entire sheaf with the grain) cut up into chaff, with a small quantity of hay, forms their food—say from six to seven pounds of gram and the same of oats in straw; the latter thus given is *invaluable* food, not only highly nourishing, but tending greatly to keep their bowels clean: the cost is about a rupee for 160 lbs. of oats in straw or in the sheaf. The oat is not full ripe when thus cut for hay, or the seed would shake out and the straw be less succulent. Every expense included, a colt is maintained for 4¾ rupees a month.

When I have a number of colts that have shed their separators, I apply to the Commander-in-Chief, who directs a Committee of Cavalry Officers, a Field Officer, and four Members to assemble at the Stud. Before this Committee I present my colts: as they pass or approve each colt, he is by them allotted to the different mounted branches; such as they deem unfit are rejected, and subsequently sold on account of Government. The Studs in Bengal are beginning to supply the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras.

My European establishment consists of two Commissioned Officers from the Line as assistants, an assistant surgeon, two European writers, and two Europeans as overseers. The senior of the two commissioned Officers is called the Depot Officer, and keeps all accounts of disbursements, applying to me for rates of feeding or any extra expense: the monthly accounts are in the first instance passed by me, and then sent to the Military Board for final audit. Every item of expense or outlay, whether for purchase of fresh stallions or colts of the year, be the number more or less, including feeding of all sorts, with repairs of buildings, is summed up at the end of the year, and from the *total of the whole* is deducted the amount of sales—rejected, injured, or undersized. The balance is then divided by the number of horses passed to the service in the year, the result being considered as the cost of each remount to Government. Though not a decidedly true account for any given year, it gives a just average in four or five years. In my last annual report, I gave the Government reason to expect that if my arrangements were fully followed out I should be enabled to furnish the remount from the Haupper Stud at 375 rupees a head at four year olds, barring those circumstances not within the control of man. This year, for instance, the whole of the Upper Provinces are suffering from a great drought, and the distress of the people is very great indeed. From the entire failure of the rain crop, it is with difficulty I can procure forage, and the remount will be dearer.

I have written a longer letter than I intended; whether the subjects may prove interesting to your readers I cannot say, but the writing has amused my solitude. From the 15th December to this day I have only seen one European face! Truly may I say, Oh, England! I love thee well, and long to see thy white cliffs again! The Calcutta crash of 1833 has detained many like myself, but Hope cheers all exiles, as well as

Yours, E. Gwatkin,
Superintendant of H. C. C. Stud, Bengal.

Camp, N. Western Provinces, Banks of the Ganges, January 2, 1838.

P.S. *Feb.* 6.—Since writing the above, Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, has inspected the Haupper Stud, looking over the whole establishment: his Lordship did me the honor to express his satisfaction. It sometimes occurred that two colts were standing next each other, the one by an English, the other by an Arab sire; the latter carried the mark of approbation.

Since closing my letter, I have seen an account of the sixth day's running of the Calcutta January Meeting, which gives another wreath to the triumph of the English blood horse on the Turf against the Arab, even with weights in favor of the latter. *Absentee* has proved himself the best Arab of his season in Calcutta. The race was the Drawing Room Stakes, 10 gold mohurs, with a cup presented by the Ladies of Calcutta, for all horses, one three mile heat, weight for age, English horses to carry 2 st. extra

Mr. Cockerell's b. Engl. h. h. Lieutenant, by The Colonel, 4 yrs., 10 st. 4 lb. 1
Mr Villiers's ch. Arab h. Absentee, 6 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb 2

Six others started, but were not placed. The Lieutenant came away about a quarter of a mile from home an easy winner.

On the fourth day in the same Meeting, Lieutenant (in a given Stake, weight for inches, *heats*, R. C., one mile and three quarters, 14 hands carrying 9 st.), at 11 st., beat two Arabs at three heats. For the first heat he waited several lengths behind, trusting to his speed, and, notwithstanding whip and spur, allowed the little Arab to come in an easy winner. The two following heats Lieutenant won easy in 3:32.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for June.

THE CARAVAN.

Mr. Terrett was the first person who used a caravan for the conveyance of the race horse. This was in 1816, when his horse *Sovereign* was thus transported from Red Marley, in Worcestershire, to Newmarket, where he was engaged in the two-thousand-guineas stakes. Mr. Terrett had previously been accustomed to send fat bullocks to Smithfield annual show in a caravan; and Doe, who was then his trainer, suggested that by placing it on springs it might be advantageously used to convey the horse to the place of meeting. The caravan for the conveyance of the bullocks was fixed on the axle-trees without springs; but on Doe's recommendation the bottom was removed, and a new one substituted with springs underneath. The inside was also padded, to prevent the horse from being bruised by an accidental jolt. The caravan thus fitted up, was drawn by three strong heavy horses, two at wheel and one in front, after the manner of what is called "a unicorn team;" and it travelled at the rate of forty miles a day, about twice the distance usually performed by a race-horse when on a journey.

The revival of the caravan in 1836, for the purpose of conveying race-horses, is also owing to Doe, at whose suggestion his present master, the Earl of Lichfield, had one built to convey *Elis* to Doncaster, in that year. The caravan of Elis had accommodation for a companion; and was in every respect like a narrow two-stalled stable on wheels, except that it was without racks. The caravan is usually drawn by four horses, and is provided with a seat in front for two persons.

This mode of transporting horses from one place to another, though attended with considerable expense, seems to answer its purpose, as it enables the owner of a good horse not only to save the wear and tear of the animal's legs, incident to travelling on hard and hot roads, but also, from the rapidity with which the caravan travels, to send him to many places which would otherwise, from the shortness of the time allowed, be totally out of his reach. The caravan has travelled ninety-five miles in eleven hours and thirty-five minutes, thus conveying a horse to his destination in less than a fourth of the time which would have been required had he walked. As an instance of the value of this ambulatory horse-box, the following may be mentioned. At the Second October Meeting, at Newmarket, last year, *Grey Momus* not being exactly fit to start for the Prendergast Stakes, an express was despatched on the Tuesday to Stockbridge for *D'Egville*—on the Thursday afternoon he entered Newmarket in his caravan; and on the next day he started, "fresh as a leek," as Taffy Edwards said, and won his race, thus paying his expenses and leaving "a little over."

Since the revival of the caravan by the Earl of Lichfield, several noblemen and gentlemen have adopted this mode of conveyance for their horses; the Marquis of Exeter has had two built; the Earl of Chesterfield one; Lord Suffield one; Mr. Greville one; and John Day two.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for June, 1838.

Salmagundi.

As a skaiter was sporting his elegant make
In the Regent's Park, he was ask'd this con.:
Why is this sheet of ice like a Canada lake!
Give it up!—Because it's the lake *you're on* (Huron)."

Too Much Love.—A lady having been partial to two husbands at one and the same time, was sentenced for bigamy. The Reporter of the trial said, "she loved not wisely, but *two* well." Albany Daily Advertiser.

Pills.—A new article is offered for sale in Mobile called the "Electro Magnetic Pills," recommended to those who intend going North, and warranted to deliver them at New York in less than fifteen hours after the first dose.

A Tall 'Un.—There is a chap out West so tall that he is obliged to have his trowsers legs woven in a rope walk. Picayune.

HOURS THERE ARE TO MEM'RY DEARER.

Hours there are to mem'ry dearer
Than the miser's hoarded pelf:
More facetious, quainter, queerer,
Than Grimaldi—Joe himself.

At the Goose and Thimble, Greenwich,
Charming Lydia! fancy dwells;
When we din'd on lamb and spinage,
List'ning to those evening bells!

Then I thought our vessel anchor'd
In love's harbor safe and sound;
Thou, the teacup, I, the tankard;
Softly sighing, passing round!

Nothing now can cross or wrong go,
Bless'd with such a fav'ring gale;
Thou art pledg'd in cups of congo,
I in draughts of Burton ale!

Fleeting visions! dreams delusive!
When I thought my Lydia won;
"Of your courting what's the use, if
I (she whisper'd) wed but one!

Tibbs Timotheus, top of Vere-street,
He, bold youth, has bowl'd you out."
All my hopes are now in Queer-street,
All my spirits up the spout.

Bentley's Miscellany for May.

General Count Montholon, the companion in exile of Napoleon, who, from reverses of fortune, was obliged, during the restoration, to become bankrupt, has made a formal application for being reinstated in his civil rights.

A Cooler for Duelling.—In the Dublin Queen's Bench on Friday, in the case of Major John Crone v. W. Coote, Esq., Judge Burton pronounced the judgment of the Court, which was, that the defendant be confined in the gaol of the County of Cork for the space of six calendar months; that he pay to the Queen a fine of £200, and further, that he be imprisoned until the fine be paid; and that he find security, himself in £500, and two sureties in £250 each to keep the peace towards all the Queen's subjects, but particularly towards the prosecutor.

The arrival of the Great Western has been the great event of the week, and she has certainly brought over some extraordinary intelligence. Matters are never managed in a small way among the Yankees; we have the explosion of two steam vessels, causing the death of about a hundred and fifty each; the destruction of a whole city by fire, and fifteen murders committed in one night. The penny-a-liners across the Atlantic must have a busy time of it; and the lovers of the horrible must be in ecstacies. Satirist.

At an inquiry into the sanity of an old gentleman, last week, it was stated that, among other fancies, he "imagined that he had no bowels." The jury very rashly inferred unsoundness of mind from this singular delusion, forgetting that the Poor law Commissioners are in this precise predicament, without perhaps fancying the fact. The want of bowels is certainly no decisive proof of lunacy, judging from the ruthless functionaries alluded to. Satirist.

Some of the Philadelphia literati caught General Morris, the editor of the N. Y. Mirror, in their city the other day, and inflicted a dinner upon him. Boston Post.

The Drollest yet.—We know not who to give credit to for the following "good 'un," but it is truly laughable, come from whom it may:

"A young buster in Kentucky lately imitated the crowing of a cock so well at 2 o'clock in the morning, that the sun rose immediately, and day-light broke several hours before its usual time."

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, is always bragging about his own surpassing beauty and our ugliness, and says that we are frequently taken, at first glance, for that horrible nightmare, our namesake at Washington. Now for a man frightful enough to scare a locomotive off a rail road track to talk in this way, we set down as a rare piece of impudence. N. O. Picayune.

The Princess!!!—Miss Penelope Smith, "oh! Phœbus, what a name" for Royalty, is still persevering in the puff department. She has communicated to the world at large that she has become again a mother, and we have daily bulletins issued, as if really she had given birth to the successor to the throne of Naples. The farce which has been got up by the Smith family is rather too palpable, and his Highness of Capua is making a great fool of himself. Every morning the *Herald* tells us that "her Grace the Duchess of Cleveland visited the Princess of Capua;" and then we learn that "her Highness intends suckling the infant herself." What a thing for a Princess to do! But probably Penelope cannot forget that it is the custom among the beautiful ladies in the dear city of Cork to do the self same thing. Satirist.

A "Running Hand."—A *writing master* at a village in Massachusetts, having stolen $250 from his landlord, and being accused therewith, gave up the money on condition that he should not be arrested till next day. In the mean time, he gave a *running* copy of the regular *back slope* character, very neatly executed.

Important Arrival.—It is announced that "the Marquis of Waterford has arrived at the Archbishop of Armagh's." Yes, this moral youth has come up to town to support Church and State, and it was delightful to find him arm in arm with Burdett, on Monday, at the Crown and Anchor. The Marquis fought for Old Glory in capital style, and after thrashing the costermonger he adjourned to a pot-house, and ordered a gallon of gin to be distributed in three-out to any blackguard who might chance to pop in. "Is it come to this!" exclaimed Burdett; and well may we echo the question.

The Scold's Bridle Revived.—At the Mayor's Office, Stafford, last week, Mary, wife of Thomas Careless, of the Broad Eye, a perfect termagent, was ordered to pay 1s. penalty, and 7s. 6d. costs, for an unprovoked assault on Mary, the wife of Lewis Bromle. During the investigation her garrulity was so incessant, that the Mayor was under the necessity of sending for the "scold's bridle," an iron instrument of very antique construction, which in olden times was occasionally called into use. It is formed of an elliptical iron bow, enclosing the head from the lower extremity of one ear to the other, with a transverse piece of iron extending from the nape of the neck to the mouth, from which projects a flat bit, which enters the mouth, and completely covers the tongue, preventing its movement, and the whole machinery, when adjusted, is locked at the back of the head. The bridle is to be put in thorough repair, and hung *in terrorem* in the Mayor's office, and used as occasion may call it forth.

The Cunning Guard.—"All Right."—An elopement, of which a coach guard is the hero, has created some feeling of excitement in Falmouth. On Friday evening week a young lady, possessing a considerable fortune independent of her respectable parents, left home under the pretence of receiving some money due to her. She did not return as soon as expected, which induced a suspicion in her father's mind that she had eloped with somebody, but he could not conceive whom, and he resolved to set off to Exeter in search of her. The young lady had walked to the outside of the town, where the guard of the Exeter coach proved to be the Lothario in waiting, who handed her into a chaise and drove her to Truro, returning in time to take his place as guard, and promising to take her on to Exeter by the coach. The father took his place on the outside of the Exeter coach, with his future son-in-law as guard; on arrival at Truro the guard (who was on his guard) exclaimed at the inn, after shutting the door with a slam, "A lady from Falmouth getting out!" The father hastened down, and, running into the inn, exclaimed, "It is my daughter!" The cunning guard called out to the coachman, "All right!" who drove on to the town's end, where he took up the lady and conveyed her to Exeter, where the guard was made both rich and happy the following morning soon after eight o'clock. About eleven o'clock the father arrived, but too late to prevent the union of his child with what he conceived a most unequal match. Exeter Flying Post.

Sheer Muscular Power.—"It certainly is curious," said the first lieutenant, assuming much gravity of countenance, "and happened when I was junior luff of the old Sharknose. We were running into Rio Janeiro man-o'-war fashion, with a pennant as long as a purser's account at the mast head, and a spanking ensign hoisted at the gaff-end, with a fly that would have swept all the sheep off the Isle of Wight. Away we gallop'd along when a shot from Santa Cruz, the three deck'd battery of the entrance, came slap into our bows. 'Tell him we're pretty well thanky,' shouted the skipper; and our jolly first, who took his meaning literally, pointed the fokstle gun, clapped the match to the priming, and off went the messenger, which struck the sentry, who was pacing the post, right between the shoulders, and whipped off his head as clean as you would snap a carrot; he was a stout-made powerful-looking man, and by sheer muscular motion, as I said before, his head flew up from his body at least a fathom and a half, and actually descended upon the point of his bayonet, where it stuck fast, and the unfortunate fellow walked the whole length of the rampart in that way; nor was it till he had got to the turn and was steering round to come back again, that he discovered the loss of his head, when, according to the most approved practice in similar surgical cases, he fell to the ground. It was sheer muscular motion, gentlemen, sheer muscular motion." Bentley.

Rather Salty.—The editor of the Cincinnati News says that they use Brandeth's Pills up at Kenawha in *boring for salt!*

Plain Talk.—The manager of the Louisville Theatre apologized for the murder of two or three characters in the tragedy of Ion, by stating that "the *gentlemen* who were cast in them, were too *drunk* to appear." Ion, by the way, is all the go in the West. Mrs. Hield is playing it at Nashville.

Major James Robertson, better known as "Horse Shoe Robinson," died at his residence in Tuscaloosa county, Alabama, on the 28th of April, in the 79th year of his age.

Good.—The editor of the Cincinnati News says that the man of the Boston Times "has been married a long time and has more children than you could shake a stick at;" to which the Times editor retorts by saying "We should like to see the man that *dare* 'shake a stick' at one of our children."

Horse Shoe Robinson.—The Tuscaloosa papers announce the death of James Robinson familiarly known as "Horse-Shoe Robinson," and the hero of Kennedy's exciting novel of the same name. He was one of the most ardent of the humble heroes of the revolution, and his astonishing bravery in all sorts of peril, was the universal theme of those who knew him. A friend at our side had frequently visited the veteran, within two or three years back. He describes the old man as cheerful and as enthusiastic at the mention of the glorious deeds of the revolution as when in his youth he met the enemy arm to arm in the plains and swamps of South Carolina. He loved to recite the deeds of his early days and his memory was a complete store-house of the heroic gallantries of the partisan leaders of the South.

The old man, we believe, lived in South Carolina, at the time Kennedy was searching for his book. The latter, of course, applied frequently to Robinson for the events of his chequered life. Whether he refused to gratify the anxious novel-maker, we do not know. Certain it is, however, that he disliked Kennedy; and seemed to be very careless of being made the hero of a story, or that his hair breadth escapes should become the subject of wonder among the patrons of circulating libraries.

Robinson was a man of the firmest integrity, and although perfectly ignorant of the rudiments of the simplest education he was highly esteemed by the better informed persons whom curiosity led to seek his acquaintance. The papers of Tuscaloosa eulogise his social character, and state that he lived for fifty years in the greatest happiness with his recently deceased wife. Mobile Examiner.

Romance of the Nineteenth Century.—We are wrong in supposing that all romance has evaporated, and that the reign of matters of fact and utility is absolute. Sometimes there is a little outbreak—a little rebellion. A circumstance has lately occurred in the South of France, realizing a fairy tale. An old man, now aged seventy-nine, was obliged to leave France during the revolution. He had lost his wife, who left behind her two sons and a daughter. Forced to fly for his life, penniless and destitute, he passed the period of the exile of the Bourbons in procuring a scanty subsistence in Italy, Germany, and other parts of Europe, and afterwards served in the armies of the Empire. Having returned to his native town, finding himself forgotten by his friends, dispossessed of his estate, unable to gain any intelligence of his children, he resigned himself with content to all the privations of poverty, and, with a courage worthy of fewer years, endeavored to prevent his becoming a burthen to the charitable, by making himself useful in the office of a lawyer of some celebrity at Marseilles. One of the students of the office who had travelled in Italy, was struck with a resemblance between the old man and a lady he had met in society at Milan. He asked him if he had a daughter in Italy. "I once had three children, but they are all dead," said he. The young man persisted in his inquiries, and the result was a conviction that the lady in question was the daughter of the *emigre*. "Sir," said he, "your daughter lives, and lives in a palace at Milan. I know her, she is the Countess Ottolini Visconti, the wife of a dignitary of the Austrian Empire." It was true. Mr. Nappollon had given his daughter in charge to a Milanese lady when two years old. All his letters written to her during his exile had miscarried. He supposed her dead. She had been well educated, and the beauty of her person, and the graces of her mind, had captivated an Italian of a noble family, who sought her hand. She knew the history of her family, and had long supposed her father dead. She was made acquainted with the circumstances, and the result is an union of father and daughter, after a separation of forty-seven years. N. Y. American.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - - - - Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday, 11th Dec.
" " Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney* Fall meeting.
Bean's Station, Tenn. Match, $1000 a-side, *Levinia Rudd* vs. *Ann Barrow*. 4th July.
Camden, N. J. - - - - Match, $500 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*. Fall meeting.
Fort Smith, Arks. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct.
Greensboro', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
Jefferson Co., Miss. Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
Milledgeville, Ga. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Montreal, L. C. - - - St. Pierre Course, 5th Tuesday, 28th Aug.
Mount Sterling, Ky. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
New Iberia, La. - - - Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs *Brooks*. 13th Oct.
New York City. - - Beacon Course, Match, $2000 a-side, Three mile heats, in harness, *Awful* (trotter) vs. *Oneida Chief* (pacer), on 4th July.
" " " Beacon Course, *Athletic Exercises* 1st Wednesday, 5th Sept.
New Orleans, La. - - Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
Olympian Springs, Ky. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
Quebec, L. C. - - - - Annual Autumn Meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Sept.
St. Matthews, S. C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
Trenton, N. J. - - - - Eagle Course, Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N. J.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

New York, June 22, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I observed in your paper a few days ago an account of the Rifle Shooting of a Member of the Savannah Rifle Club, he having shot 12 successive shots, off hand, at the distance of 120 yds., measuring by string measure 37 4-10 in.

If you have no objection, I will give you the result of a trial I made yesterday. At the distance of 120 yards, off-hand, I shot 12 successive shots, measuring in the aggregate, or string measure, 34½ inches. Thus:—

	Inch	Eighth	Sixteenth
No. 1	3	4	0
2	1	1	1
3	4	1	1
4	3	4	0
5	1	6	1
6	3	2	1
7	3	7	0
8	1	7	0
9	0	4	1
10	2	7	0
11	4	0	1
12	3	4	0
	34	2	0

Target black, and fifteen inches square; bull's-eye white, and eight inches diameter; balls, 47 to the pound; length of barrel, 29 inches; 10 shots in bull's-eye.

Yours, &c. A Union Rifleman.

Note.—The Target alluded to above may be seen at this office. It should be stated that 120 yards is considered, here, a rather awkward distance, and we know of no other Club than that of Savannah which practises at that distance. The New York Club shoot at 100, 150, or 200 yards, but never at 120; however, as the gentleman of Savannah is beaten at his own distance, we do not see how the New Yorker can complain. Will the Savannah Club give that of Gotham another shot?

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM GEORGIA.

Crowell Course, (Columbus, Ga.) 6th June, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I presume you are not aware that a race track has been laid out within three miles of the city of Columbus, Ga.: such is the fact, and it is to be called "the Crowell Course," in honor of that liberal and gallant turfman, Col. John Crowell. It is laid out on the plan of the *Hampton Course* at Augusta, and several hands are now at work on it; when finished, it will be superior to almost any track in the South for training or running; the soil and situation, and its being sufficiently rolling will make it one of the most desirable training tracks in the United States.

At this course Messrs. Bonner and Iverson have a string of six as high bred and game looking nags, as can be found in any one stable, North or South; however, they are mostly all untried, but promise to do their owners some service next campaign. I now inform you what this lot consists of; and next Fall will let you into some secrets (stable secrets I mean) that will enable you to "put money in your purse," but "lie still and keep dark."

Linwood, a chesnut, 4 yrs. old, 5 feet 2 inches high; by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet; he is in high form, with a shoulder that is perfection; in his 3 yr. old form he was a winner at Two mile mile heats in 3:50 each heat; soon after this race he was foundered, and has not been himself since; but he is doing well at present, and by next Fall I think he will be able to contend with the flower of the country.

Count Zaldivar, a chesnut, 3 yrs. old, 5 feet 2½ inches high; by Andrew, dam by Timoleon; his back and loins are very much like Bascombe's—heavy body, very deep through the flank, and his legs are the very sort you would desire for a race horse, being strong, clean, and neat, and the heaviest thigh I ever saw to a 3 yr. old. On the 26th of Feb. last, he won a sweepstake, beating the beautiful Imp. filly *Miss Florida Hepburn*, 2 mile heats, in 3:55, 3:54. Four days following, he won easily the Jockey Club Purse, $1000, 4 mile heats, beating gr. c. *Kite*, in 8:16, and 8:08.

Prince Edward is a bay, 5 yrs. old, 5 feet 2 inches high; by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Bluster; he has never as yet run in public, but has had a light training this Spring, and has made some most excellent trial runs; and like Prince Edward of old, he will be engaged in the wars of next winter, where he will revive the glory of his illustrious sire.

Major Dade, the horse of all horses, is a brown, 4 yrs. old, 5 feet 1 inch high; by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke; he is of the most exact proportions, with back and loin superior to any thing I ever saw; in fact, take him for all in all, I do not know his equal; unfortunately, he met with an accident about six weeks since in a shoulder, which I think is the swinney; he has had every attention, and is recovering fast, and will lead the dance (if sound) next campaign, with as much grace as ever did Bascombe, Post Boy, or Mingo; and he has made such time in his trials the past Spring (I dare not tell it) as would put a damper on his adversaries did they know it—but I will tell you this, he can run faster than did "Seebright's" runner when he made his leap.

Lieut. Bassinger is a black, 3 yrs. old, 5 feet 3 inches high; by Imp. Fylde, out of [illegible] dam of Major Dade; a most splendid colt, put up in the very highest race horse form, and my friend Hammond, of Augusta, says if you have any more Eclipse Saddles in the North, this is the colt that can do the trick that Bascombe did; Col. J. B. Webb, of the Sentinel, in speaking of this colt, describes him thus: "black as Erebus, glossy as the locks of a Peruvian, and built with the compactness and strength of a Roman, yet having the light and elastic tread of a wild buck of the forest. Whenever he shall run, mark us, he will throw dust in the eyes of some four-legged 'blooded' gentlemen, administer an emetic to the pocket-book of many an 'honorable sportsman,' and make Bascombe blush to own his time of 7.44."

The three last named colts were bred in Prince Edward County, Va. and brought out here last winter, by their breeder, Booker Foster, Esq. and sold to Messrs. Bonner and Iverson.

Maria Reeves, is a bay, 4 yrs. old, 5 feet 2 inches high; by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon; she is a beautiful filly, of fine shoulder, deep through the chest, and heavy, well shaped quarters. Very respectfully yours, &c. G.

MEMORANDA OF "MAJOR BOOTS."

"Boots" up the stream: Boots in the sand: Boots on his "beam-ends" with a bilious fever—"jerk'd up just so:" "cotch'd fresh" and "cut queer"—took 'em on the road—the chicken-pock and the quarter-race (the raal Welch and ginooine scrub): fat bull-pups, rais'd on short cakes and coffee—the kidney kiver'd every where except where 'taint. "Quaw! quaw!" and "chanchruzle."—The old granny looking down the mad dog's throat, and swearing he had a bone in it: a bull-fice, (oughtn't the singular to be "fouse," as mice, mouse?) "Little Ball" gits arter the ducks:—here goes the lead—"Bullet-ball vs. "Bull-ball:" the "let" party proves a "hindrance" to the other "without let"—hence Ball "let on ground rent"—Boots cut down to "Slippers" for convenience in summer: heels kept on be "Slippers" to keep 'em from being *flat*, &c. &c.

Dear Sir,—Friend Boots dropt the above in his apartment while ill, and does not know of it. I reckon he'll "open his eye tight" when he finds I have found him out. Yours, &c. The Raal Pokoon.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July 1838. Now 3 subs.

Also,—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, P. P.

And a Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, same time. One mile. Sub. $100, h. ft. Now two subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs. and promises well.

Same time.—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race. Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft. $150. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1838, out of mares that never produced a winner, to be run 4th day of Spring meeting, 1841. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To close 1st Sept. 1838. Now several subs.

A Post Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Three mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES—KENDALL COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, Fall 1838, Spring 1839, Spring 1840, Spring 1841, and Spring 1842:—

No. 1—Fall, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run Fall meeting, 1838, Two mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Sept.

No. 2—Fall, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run Fall meeting, 1838, Two mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Sept.

No. 3—Fall, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run Fall meeting, 1838, Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft. $75. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

There are subscribers to each of the above stakes, and many promised.

No. 4—Spring, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run Spring meeting, 1839. Sub. $1000, ft. $250. Closed 1st Jan., 1837, with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd names produce of Imp. Priam and Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White names produce of Goliah and Maid of Athens.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Imp. Tranby and Mary Randolph.
4. Geo. Symms names produce of Mons. Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson.
5. Col. John Heth names produce of Shark and Arietta.
6. Col. J. M. Selden names produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Isham Puckett names produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. J. M. Wilson names produce of Ivanhoe and Kitty Fisher.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Collier's dam.
10. Wm. Williamson and J. P. Corbin not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn names produce of Chateau Margaux and Flirtilla.
12. Also, produce of Eclipse and Isabella.
13. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Peggy Mardee. (H. Maclin's).
14. Samuel Sprigg names produce of Imp. Autocrat and Nancy Norwood.
15. Col. Wade Hampton names produce of Argyle and Pocahontas.
16. Also, produce of Emma and Imp. Camel.
17. James S. Garrison names produce of Zinganee and Gabriella.

☞ The 7th and 8th entries to this stake were originally made by other individuals,—the former by Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Long Island, and the latter by Mr. William Bosley, of Maryland; since which time, they have become the property of Mr. Puckett, of Va., and Mr. Wilson, of Md., as entered, both of whom are responsible for each colt's engagement. As this change does not in any way affect the stake, it is presumed there will be no objection; if any, it will be the duty of him so objecting, to signify the same by letter, to the Proprietor of the Kendall Course, *forthwith*.

No. 5—Spring, 1840.

A Sweepstakes with colts and fillies foaled Spring 1837, to be run Spring 1840. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Closed 1st June, 1838, with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hector Bell & Henry C. Kendall name ro. c. by Drone, out of Mary Randolph.
2. George L. Stockett names full sister to Cippus.
3. James B. Kendall names ch. f. by Drone, out of Ecarte.
4. Edmund Townes names ch. c. by Emancipation, out of Volney's dam.
5. J. L. Baltzer names b. f. by Chateau Margaux, out of Virginia Fairfield's dam.
6. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Star, out of the dam of Trifle.
7. Charles Green names *Charles Henry*, by Henry, out of an imp. Filho da Puta mare.
8. Col. John Heth names the produce of Mazeppa's dam.
9. Gen. Thomas Emory names b. c. by Tranby, out of Betsy Wilson.
10. John D. Kirby names b. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West.
11. W. D. Bowie names gr. c. by Imp. Apparition, out of Blue Belle.
12. W. H. E. Merritt names b. c. by Imp. Felt, out of Clara Fisher.
13. Also, br. c. by Emilius, out of Trapes by Tramp. (imported).
14. John C. Rodgers names br. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham.
15. Nathaniel F. Green names produce of Shark and Aggey Down.
16. Gen. Thos. Emory names W. C. Tilghman's f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Blakeford.
17. W. L. White names produce of Imp. Margrave (out of Mischief,) and a Medley mare.
18. Wm. B. Meares names b. c. by Mons. Tonson, out of Eliza Walker by Eclipse.

No. 6—Spring, 1839.

A Sweepstakes with 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st April, 1839.

No. 7—Spring, 1839.

A Sweepstakes as above, with colts and fillies. Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft. $75. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

No. 8—Spring, 1841.

A Sweepstakes with colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to be run Spring meeting, 1841. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Five or more to make a race. To name and close the 20th Nov. 1838.

No. 9—Spring, 1842.

A Produce Sweepstakes with colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839 to be run Spring 1842. Mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Five or more to make a race. [Of the closing of this stake due notice will be given.

No. 8 and 9 at present have several subscribers.

☞ Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes, will please address the Proprietor, at Baltimore. [J30-1t—Jy21-1t] JAMES B. KENDALL.

LAFAYETTE COURSE—AUGUSTA, Ga.

THE Annual Jockey Club Fall Meeting on this Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 11th of December next, and continue four days. The following liberal purses will be given:—

Tuesday—Two mile heats, Purse	$400
Wednesday—Three mile heats, Purse	700
Thursday—Four mile heats, Purse	1500
Friday—Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Purse	400

The purses are subject to a deduction of 15 per cent. (as carried by a resolution of the Club,) to defray the expenses of a Jockey Club Ball. There will be no division of Purses as at the last meeting. JAMES LAMKIN & Co., *Proprietors*.

Augusta, June 22, 1838.

Spring Meeting, 1839.

THE Annual Spring Meeting of the Jockey Club for 1839, on the Lafayette Course, will commence on Tuesday, 2d week of March. The following purses will be given.—

Tuesday—Two mile heats, Purse	$400
Wednesday—Three mile heats	600
Thursday—Four mile heats	1000
Friday—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.	400

No deduction for the Jockey Club Ball at this meeting.

[J30-4t] JAS. LAMKIN & Co., *Proprietors*.

AMOS HEAD,

SUCCESSOR TO I. N. HAYNES & Co., 135 Fulton Street, begs to apprise his friends and the public, that he is able to supply them with Gentlemens' Clothing upon the same liberal terms as his predecessors. He trusts that by prompt attention to business and the fashionable style and excellent quality of his clothing to merit a continuance of the patronage extended to Messrs. Haynes & Co., and also to secure increased patronage from the public, pledging himself to spare no pains or expense to deserve it. His stock of goods has recently been increased, by the addition of the most fashionable articles in the market, which he begs his friends and customers to call and examine.

New York, June 25, 1838. [J30-tf.]

FOR SALE.

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

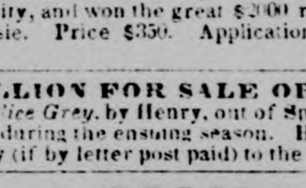
STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.

No. 155

BROAD-WAY NEW-YORK,



COLT'S PATENT.

THE ABOVE COMPANY have now on hand, and offer for sale, the following Repeating Arms.—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Ballet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c., all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,

[J?] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.

DOCTOR CALF[illegible]

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Busne where he will continue his practice as operative Surgeon and Accoucheur [J10]

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

BY the solicitation of a number of Gentlemen, the Proprietors are induced to offer the following Sweepstakes, to come off the first part of September, on the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J.

1st. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

4. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

5. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

☞ Entrance to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No. 31 Park Row, on or before the 1st of August, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

For each Sweepstake the track must be in good order, or postponed until it is. The Judges must decide. A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y*.

New York, June 30, 1838. [J30-tf.]

IMPORTED COLT FOR SALE.

A VERY FINE COLT, 3 years old last May, bred by his late Majesty William IV., at Hampton Court, and purchased at the annual sale of Yearlings for 165 guineas, will be sold at a bargain on application to the Editor of this paper. He was got by The Colonel, out of Goosander (the dam of Shoveller and Sailor) by Send. He was imported into this city in his yearling form, and was trained this Spring by James Bathgate, Esq., at West Farms, but did not start, having been attacked with the distemper. He is a light chesnut without white, about 16 hands, and of great substance and promise. He may be seen at Mr. Bathgate's stable, about 14 miles from this city.

New York, June 30, 1838. [J30-3m*]

TROTTING—BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN.

THE FOLLOWING PURSES, free for all Trotting Horses, will be run for on the 4th of July next:—

First Race, at 3 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses. Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Second Race, at 5 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses. Two mile heats, in Harness. A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y*.

METAIRIE RACE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, will take place on the 2d Wednesday, 12th December, 1838.

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$500
Same day—Two mile heats	750
Second day—Three mile heats	1200
Third day—Four mile heats	2000
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	700
Fifth day—Three mile heats, Proprietor's Purse.	1000

The Nashville Rail Road, New Orleans Canal, the splendid shell road on the bank of the same (the finest carriage road in the Union), together with the Metairie Road, give more numerous and delightful means of approach to this, than any other.

JAMES S. GARRISON, RICHARD ADAMS, THOMAS J. WELLS, } *Proprietors*.

New Orleans, April 15, 1838. [a?8] S. M. READ, *Sec'y of the M. J. C.*

St. MATTHEWS (S. C.) RACES.

THE Annual Races, over the Richardson Course, will commence on Tuesday, 8th January, 1839, and continue four days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1835, sub. $100, P.P., Two mile heats. Closed with nine subs, viz:—

John C. Singleton names b. c. by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery.
James B. Richardson names b. c. by Virginius, out of Financier.
Edward Richardson names br. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock.
John Colclough names s. c. by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko.
Donald Rowe names s. f. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko.
Thos. Richardson names b. f. by Virginius, dam by Sir Archy.
P. McRa names b. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Financier.
P. M. Butler names ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Imp. Merryfield.
J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Dorken, out of Sortorius.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. } Free for all.

[m12 8t] THOMAS OLIVER, *Secretary*.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub. $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats	$500	Free for all ages.
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats	700	
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats	1000	
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5	300	

Stables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club. F. K. WEST, *Sec'y*.

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.

[ap21] F. K. W.

THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoome's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt.

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt, and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, No. 2, P. 96.

The Duroc mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Application to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.

[a?4] A. ASHBURNER.

ENVOY

WAS IMPORTED from England by the Hon. Judge Wilkins, late Minister from the United States to Russia. He is now 5 years old, of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is 16 hands and one inch high. He is now at the stable of Mr. Lewis K. Grigsby in Winchester, Clark County, Ky., where it is intended by his owners he will remain for the present, and where he will be introduced to a few mares only, and them of good pedigree. Mr. Grigsby has now in his possession a filly by Envoy, out of a Moses mare, owned by James Wilson, foaled on the 14th April last, which, from present appearances, is not second to any in the United States.

Pedigree of Envoy.—Envoy was sired by Memnon, who was certainly the most distinguished horse of his day—he was by Whisker (brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c.) out of Manilla by Dick Andrews; her dam Mandane, by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Calibri, &c. The dam of Envoy is Zarina, by Morisco, by Muley; her dam, Ina by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander—Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab, &c. &c. JAMES WILSON, Proprietor.

Extract of a Letter from a highly respectable Gentleman in Kentucky, dated April 21, 1838:—

"Mr. Wilson.—I went to see your imported horse *Envoy*, at Mr. Grigsby's—he was very fine, and appears in all his parts, to be all he ought to be. I also saw the filly by Envoy, out of your old Moses mare: it was foaled on the 14th April, and is really very large and very fine. You speak highly of a colt you have, 11 months old, but I doubt very much if you have as fine a colt as this, and from its appearance, Envoy must breed well."

June, 1838. [J23-6t*]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid.

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c. HENRY WELLS, *Principal*.

New York, April, 1838.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
For Six Months' Subscription, in advance	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed—	
For one Square, (twenty-two lines) first insertion	$5 00
For Ditto (Ditto) each subsequent insertion	1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY

Things Th[e]

The *Park* has been closed since th[e] ... for a limited summer season on Monda[y] ... as *Claude Melnotte* in the Lady of Lyo[ns] ... *Beauseant*. Where the deuce is Parson[s] ...

The *National* closed on Wednesday; ... embellished preparatory to the Septembe[r] ... making both at home and abroad. We s[h]... readers in a few weeks of the engagemen[ts] ...

So many American managers are dru[m] ... trionic talents of old England are likely t[o] ... In addition to Messrs. Price and Walla[ck] ... sent abroad by Caldwell of New Or[leans] ... Scott & Thorne and Ludlow & Smit[h] ... two or three embryo managers who have ... in three or four cities we might name.

The *Franklin* is retrieving its laurels, ... Square, under Dinneford's direction. ... so strong as at this present writing, th[e] ... in John Sefton's shoes.

The *Olympic* stands, we believe, just w[here] ... ponent saith not.

John Clarke announces his farewell b[enefit] ... his two daughters, Browne of the Natio[nal] ... appear. Let the veteran have a bumpe[r] ...

A correspondent over the signature of ... gests the propriety of giving a complim[entary] ... honored manager of the Park. The sug[gestion] ... on that account the less deserving atte[ntion] ... shall have our hearty co-operation and be[...] ... posed should not take place, however, b[...] ... meantime we would suggest to the frien[ds] ... pose of adopting measures likely to ens[ure] ... flect credit upon the taste and good feeli[ng] ... it would confer lasting honor upon an e[...] ... servant who has done so much for their ... he is one of the brightest ornaments.

We should be doing violence to eve[ry] ... the conductor of a public journal, were ... Miss Clifton's Card in another column ... plete vindication of the "damnable inuen[does] ... columns of a portion of the press in thi[s] ... evidence of their atrocious falsehood, ar[e] ... prompted them. The distressing inte[lligence] ... reached Miss Clifton at Cincinnati, tw[o] ... her engagement there. Its effect upon ... to complete it, but her friends were fe[arful] ... enfeebled state of health, and deemed i[t] ... ly to this city; she accordingly left Ci[ncinnati] ... of mind," says the Republican of tha[t] ... arrived in town on Monday last, and has ...

The Picayune has the following para[graph] ... the National here, recently, about whic[h] ... Judy of itself" and Gen. Morris:—

Miss Davenport.—What spectacles t[...] ... with this child! One of the papers, in ... with a watch, makes the utmost of the ... style publishes her speech thus: "W[...] ... tended to present me with a watch, I r[...] ... ascertained the fact, my little heart jum[ped] ... I here hold the proof of it I now pl[...] ... tick-a-tack, and my heart keeps time w[...]

This the editor of the Whig pronc[...] ... addresses he ever listened to." De[...] ... you turn to Orleansy-peansy! Do tu[rn] ...

MISS ELLEN TRE[E]

To the Editor of the Spirit of the T[imes] ... have moved me to relate her triumphs ... tell how much the weather at this s[eason] ... least exertion. Need I say that we s[...] ... too much a matter of course to requi[re] ... all she undertook, I believe her Ros[alind] ... generally most delight. The finished ... have lately given your readers the ... comment on "Ion" unnecessary:—w[...] ... racter—with what unassuming mode[sty] ... the foundling of Apollo's Temple, w[...] ... fect virtue and celestial inspiration v[...] ... With what delicacy does she delinea[te] ... terrific consciousness of a supernat[ural] ... soul, and the dignity of speech and a[...] ... emotion the harmony of the characte[r] ... by the author. The touching swe[etness] ... unaffected enunciation—(the latter ... and ease of her gestures and attitud[es] ... exquisite creation "a local habitation ... exists will Miss Tree be identified ... part.

Most persons were equally charm[ed] ... Queen;" the play itself is admirab[le] ... was listened to throughout with the ... last scene of the 1st act, her attitu[de] ... sion of triumph, conscious power, ... with the character, visible in her ... heartfelt applause, as ever rewarded ...

Besides Rosalind, Ion, and Cla[...] ... formed Marianna, Constance, Clar[...] ... exquisite conception of character w[...] ... possesses in the highest degree, tha[...] ... less execution, which are so rare t[...] ... admired.